

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 82.—6 DECEMBER, 1845.

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Western Clearings; by Mrs. C. M. KIRKLAND, author of "A New Home," &c. (No. VII. of Wiley and Putnam's Library of American Books.)

In this volume will be found all the excellences to which we are accustomed in this justly popular writer—a sweet and genial temper, able to sympathise with whatever is simple and healthful, balanced by a quick sense of folly, pretension, or morbid action in character; admirable good sense, ennobled by generous desires; a cultivated taste, and great comic power. When to these qualifications for observing men is added a familiar love of nature, with uncommon talents for description, it must be confessed that the combination of claims is rare. And Mrs. Kirkland has yet one more, that will not be less felt by the American reading public; and this is that though she has received sufficient influence from the literature of the old world to refine and expand her powers, she belongs, both by her topics and the structure of her mind, to the new. She has represented a particular period in our social existence with so much success, that her works, though slight in their fabric, and familiar in their tone, are likely to have a permanent existence and enforce a permanent interest. She is only a sketcher, but with so clear an eye and vigorous a touch as to afford just views of the present and valuable suggestions for the future. As a specimen of the reflective portion of the book, take the following:

ARISTOCRACY.—The great ones of the earth might learn many a lesson from the little. What has a certain dignity on a comparatively large scale, is so simply laughable when it is seen in miniature, (and unlike most other things, perhaps, its real features are better distinguished

in the small,) that it must be wholesome to observe how what we love appears in those whom we do not admire. The monkey and the magpie are imitators; and when the one makes a thousand superfluous bows and grimaces, and the other hoards what can be of no possible use to him, we may, even in those, see a far off reflex of certain things prevalent among ourselves. Next in order come little children; and the boy will put a napkin about his neck for a cravat, and the girl supply her ideal of a veil by pinning a pocket handkerchief to her bonnet, while we laugh at the self-deception; and fancy that we value only realities. But what affords us most amusement, is the awkward attempt of the rustic, to copy the airs and graces which have caught his fancy as he saw them exhibited in town; or, still more naturally, those which have been displayed on purpose to dazzle him, during the stay of some "mould of fashion" in the country. How exquisitely funny are his efforts and their failure! How the true hugs himself in full belief that the gulf between himself and the *pseudo* is impassable! Little dreams he that his own ill-directed longings after the *distingue* in air or in position seem to some more fortunate individual as far from being accomplished as those of the rustic to himself, while both, perhaps, owe more to the tailor and milliner, than to any more dignified source.

The country imitates the town, most sadly; and it is really melancholy, to one who loves his kind, to see how obstinately people will throw away real comforts and advantages in the vain chase of what does not belong to solitude and freedom. The restraints necessary to city life are there compensated by many advantages resulting from close contact with others; while in the country those restraints are simply odious, curtailing the real advantages of the position, yet entirely incapable of substituting those which belong to the city.

Real refinement is as possible in the one case as in the other. Would it were more heartily sought in both!

In the palmy days of alchemy, when the nature and powers of occult and intangible agents were deemed worthy the study of princes, the art of sealing hermetically was an essential one; since many a precious elixir would necessarily become unmanageable and useless, if allowed to wander in the common air. This art seems now to be

among the lost, in spite of the anxious efforts of cunning projectors; and at the present time a subtle essence, more volatile than the elixir of life—more valuable than the philosopher's stone—an invisible and imponderable but most real agent, long bottled up for the enjoyment of a privileged few, has burst its bounds and become part of our daily atmosphere. Some mighty sages still contrive to retain within their own keeping important portions of this treasure; but there are regions of the earth where it is open to all, and, in the opinion of the exclusive, sadly desecrated by having become an object of pursuit to the vulgar. Where it is still under a degree of control, the seal of Hermes is variously represented. In Russia, the supreme will of the autocrat regulates the distribution of the "airy good;" in other parts of the continent, ancient prescription has still the power to keep it within its due reservoirs. In France, its uses and advantages have been publicly denied and repudiated; yet it is said that practically, everybody stands open-mouthed where it is known to be floating in the air, hoping to inhale as much as possible without the odium of seeming to grasp at what has been decided to be worthless. In England, we are told that the precious fluid is still kept with great solicitude in a dingy receptacle called Almack's, watched over by certain priestesses, who are self-consecrated to an attendance more onerous than that required for maintaining the Vestal fire, and who yet receive neither respect nor gratitude for their pains. Indeed, the fine spirit has become so much diffused in England that it reminds us of the riddle of Mother Goose—

A house-full, a hole-full,
But can't catch a bowl-full.

If such efforts in England amuse us, what shall we say of the agonized pursuit everywhere observable in our own country? We have denounced the fascinating gas as poisonous—we have staked our very existence upon excluding it from the land, yet it is the breath of our nostrils—the soul of our being—the one thing needful—for which we are willing to expend mind, body, and estate. We exclaim against its operations in other lands, but it is the purchaser decrying to others the treasure he would appropriate to himself. We take much credit to ourselves for having renounced what all the rest of the world were pursuing, but our practice is like that of the toper who had forsworn drink, yet afterward perceiving the contents of a brother sinner's bottle to be spilt, could not forbear falling on his knees to drink the liquor from the frozen hoof-prints in the road; or that other votary of indulgence, who, having once had the courage to pass a tavern, afterwards turned back that he might "treat resolution." We have satisfied our consciences by theory; we feel no compunction in making our practice just like that of the rest of the world.

This is true of the country generally; but it is nowhere so strikingly evident as in these remote regions which the noise of the great world reaches but at the rebound—as it were in faint echoes; and these very echoes changed from their original, as Paddy asserts of those of the Lake of Killarney. It would seem that our *elixir vite*—a strange anomaly—becomes stronger by dilution. Its power of fascination, at least, increases as it recedes from the fountain-head. The Russian noble may refuse to let his daughter smile upon a suitor whose breast is not covered with orders; the German dignitary may insist on sixteen quaterings; the well-born Englishman may sigh to be admitted into a coterie not half as respectable or as elegant as the one to which he belongs—all this is consistent enough; but we must laugh when we see the managers of a city ball admit the daughters of wholesale merchants, while they exclude the families of merchants who sell at retail; and still more when we come to the "new country," and observe that Mrs. Penniman, who takes in sewing, utterly refuses to associate with her neighbor, Mrs. Clapp, because she goes out sewing by the day; and that our friend, Mr. Diggins, being raised a step in the world by the last election, signs all his letters of friendship, "D. Diggins, Sheriff."

This is a specimen of the fun of a Western introduction. How happy it would make some of us who are not, through a native love for gossip, forearmed with such particulars as to those to whom we are likely to be presented, if a similar full announcement was customary on "the sea-board." It would save such a world of questioning and beating about the bush.

"Miss Wiggins, let me make you acquainted with an

uncle of his'n, just come down from Ionia county, the town of Freemantle, village of Breadalbane—come away up here to mill, (they ha'n't no mills yet, up there.) Uncle, this is Miss Wiggins, John Wiggins' wife, up yonder on the hill, t'other side o' the mash—you can see the house from here. She's come down to meetin'."

With regard to this same designation of His'n, we have seen it remarked by a celebrated French writer as a beautiful trait of the women of Brittany that, in speaking of their husbands, they always say he, or him, only, thinking it unnecessary to name him, as if the other party must know there could be no other man in the world to them. Just so affectionately says the German woman, "My Man," in speaking of her husband; and he, no less, "My Woman," in speaking of her.

The essay on "Idle People" is one of the most graceful in the book. The mode of making religious marriages spoken of in "Chances and Changes," was new to us.

From the New York Evening Post.

Mrs. Kirkland has acquired a reputation by the vivacity and interest of her style, which gives all she writes a quick circulation over the whole country. Her manner is as original and fresh as the people she describes. There is an exquisite good humor, with dashes of a rare and pungent wit, in all she says. Her sketches, too, are so true to life, that many of her most general descriptions have been regarded as portraits of particular localities and persons. Some of the Great Westerns, we believe, have been offended by the freedom of her satire, but none have ever failed to laugh at her fun. Yet as sprightly as her tales appear, they have running through the whole of them an undercurrent of profounder meaning.—Her sympathies are genial, and while detecting the faults, she does full justice to the nobler qualities of the Western settlers.

From the Boston Courier.

We ever welcome with pleasure a book from the pen of Mrs. Kirkland. Her books are genuine books. They are the growth of her own mind, and not manufactured by a book-making process, taking here a page, and there a paragraph, as druggists compound medicines by pouring out of big bottles into little ones. She writes of what she had seen, and her descriptions are fresh, vivid, and natural. They are not taken at second hand. They are not descriptions of descriptions. Her style is natural and easy, her vein of humor original, and she has a happy power of seizing and delineating peculiarities of human character. Her descriptions of Western life and manners have been received with great favor, on both sides of the Atlantic, from their truth and freshness. They are contributions to American literature, strictly so called; not tame copies of foreign originals. They are full of the flavor of the soil.

The present work is a collection of tales, sketches, and essays, marked by those excellences of matter and manner, which have given her so honorable a place among our writers. The grave and the gay will here find matter suited to their respective tastes. It will introduce the quiet people of New England into a new world, very pleasant to read about, but not so agreeable to partake of. Mrs. Kirkland's is a healthful mind, with an excellent foundation of strong, good sense. There is consequently nothing of extravagance, exaggeration, bitterness, or injustice in her views and pictures. She sees all that is good in Western life and manners, and is not so fastidious as to be unable to forgive the annoyances which a sensitive spirit must encounter there.

From the Quarterly Review.

The Letters of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield; including numerous Letters now first published from the original MSS. Edited, with Notes, by Lord Mahon, in 4 vols., 8vo. London. 1845.

Two scions of the old knightly house of Stanhope were raised to the peerage of James I. The elder (and only surviving) branch was advanced to the earldom of Chesterfield by Charles I., in whose cause its zeal and sufferings were conspicuous. Two of its cadets earned early in the next century by great public services the separate earldoms of Stanhope and Harrington; and in the former of these junior lines the succession of remarkable abilities has ever since been uninterrupted—a circumstance perhaps unique. We believe, taking the blood together, not one race in Great Britain has produced within the last two hundred and fifty years so many persons of real and deserved eminence; but still for the brilliant variety of his talents and attainments, the general splendor of his career, influence and fame, the fourth Earl of Chesterfield remains the *facile princeps* of his house and name. Either as statesman or diplomatist, or orator, he stood below no contemporary who never held the prime management of a great party, and below but two of those who ruled the empire. As the ornament and oracle of the world of fashion, the model of taste and wit, and all personal graces and accomplishments, his supremacy was undisputed; but it is to his connexion with the literature and literary men of his age that he owes mainly the permanence as well as the prominence of his celebrity. He survives among us, and will survive, by reason of his connexion with Pope, Gay, Atterbury, Arbuthnot, Swift, Voltaire, Johnson; and (though we are far from undervaluing others of his writings) because his letters on the education of his son are in point of style a finished and classical work, contain instructions for the conduct of life that will never be obsolete, and constitute some of our most curious materials for estimating the moral tone of aristocratic society during a long and important period of English history.

These famous letters were published the year after his death, and have since gone through many editions; but it cannot be said that until now they had received even a decent measure of editorial care. Lord Mahon has (with a few trivial and proper omissions in the earlier part of the series) reproduced them entire, and for the first time filled up names left in blank, and explained hints and allusions which the lapse of another generation would have condemned to hopeless obscurity. As the original editrix was actuated solely by motives of pecuniary interest, no addition to the text could be expected—she, we may be sure, printed every scrap that had been preserved. They are now, however incorporated with a more general correspondence which had been originally dealt with in a widely different manner. Bishop Chenevix and Mr. Dayrolles were friends of Chesterfield, and men of character and honor. In whatever they communicated to the public they had a just regard for the claims both of the dead and the living: if they erred at all, it was on the side of over-delicacy: accordingly, the mutilations were severe; and as respects this, the larger share of his materials, when we compare Lord Mahon's copy with what we had had before, it is hardly too much to

say that he has given us a new work. Whatever could wound anybody's feelings had been omitted; in other words, a very large proportion of whatever could throw light on the secret history of parties and public men in Lord Chesterfield's time—very many letters entirely—the most striking paragraphs of half the rest. The *lacuna* are now filled up as far as was possible—and the whole illustrated by notes, which we recommend to the study of all who may be tempted to undertake tasks of this description; for they are brief and clear—and wherever a judgment was called for, convey that of a sagacious mind in language as terse as the great kinsman himself could have employed. Lord Mahon has also collected and arranged the various letters that had more recently emerged in the Suffolk correspondence, the Marchmont Papers, Coxe's ponderous compilations, and elsewhere. We are, however, we must confess, somewhat surprised that his diligence has not brought out more of absolute novelty in this way. Mr. George Berkely, we know, had kept carefully some specimens of Chesterfield's epistolary vein, even of the boyish Cambridge time. The writer attained extraordinary repute in his earliest manhood, and he lived to the edge of eighty in the enjoyment of all but unrivalled admiration. With such social connexions and predilections, such literary habits and facility, his correspondence must have been vast—and even now we can have seen but a very insignificant fragment of it. Where is it? Even in those comparatively careless days, who could have burnt a letter of Lord Chesterfield's? We have no doubt that in the repositories of those who represent his various political and fashionable associates, innumerable relics must still be lying disinterred. Lord Mahon tells us that he inquired in vain at Brethby; but it was not there that we should have expected to find much—Lord Chesterfield was the last man to keep copies of his own letters—we should greatly doubt whether he ever wrote anything twice over in his life. But we are not told of any researches in places which we should have conjectured to be among the likeliest for discovery—at Castle Ashby, for instance, at Stanmer, at Clumber, or Longleat, or Hagley. Among his closest connexions was that with Mr. Waller, the last male representative of the poet, himself a man of extensive acquirements, an elegant scholar, through life a student. Where are the Waller MSS.? Has Mr. Upcott no information of their fate? Then, is there not reason to suppose that a very considerable body of Chesterfield papers exist in the Castle of Dublin? The earl's brief vice-royalty is on the whole the most honorable feature in his history. Some inedited letters or despatches of that date were quoted with effect a few years ago in the house of lords by the Marquis of Normanby; but though the noble editor's attention was thus directed to the point, the result is *nil*. He states that his applications were received with the anticipated courtesy both by Lord Normanby and by the present lord-lieutenant: but that in neither case were the desired documents placed at his disposal. *Cosas de España*:—we think it highly improbable that a trip to Dublin (within the last twelve months at all events) could have failed of its reward. But as no man ever devoted himself to the ladies with more zeal, or carried to the grave with him the reputation of more triumphant success in the quest of their favor, nothing certainly strikes us as stranger in this case than that so few speci-

mens should have yet come out of the earl's correspondence with the fair sex. That he hardly spent a morning between his 20th and his 50th year without penning some effusion of gallantry—*nulla dies sine lineâ*—we may assume as not less certain than his regular observance of the toilette. That letters of this class should not have been forthcoming at an earlier period, no one can be surprised:—but we can scarcely think the heirs, or even the heiresses of the beauties concerned, would feel any hesitation in now producing the evidence of their appreciation by that peerless Knight of the Garter. Did the adorable Lady Fanny Shirley, for example—of his devotion to whom,

“In that eternal whisper which begun
Ten years ago, and never will be done,”

we have hardly any record but in this couplet of Hanbury Williams, and one or two not always decent songs by Chesterfield himself—did she preserve none of her worshipper's epistles? Did Madame de Monconseil destroy all but the evidently interrupted as well as mutilated series with which it was left for Lord Mahon to connect her name?

We have no doubt the reception of these volumes will be such as to encourage further investigation not only in England and Ireland, but also in France, Italy, Germany, and Holland. No Englishman of the time had more intimate connexions with foreign courts or with foreign literati. He was as much at home in France as Bolingbroke or Horace Walpole—as familiar with Germany as Sir C. H. Williams; he knew Italy well; and had a more thorough acquaintance with Holland than any other first-rate Englishman subsequent to Sir William Temple. Equally admired by Voltaire and Frederick of Prussia, (who used to call him *L'homme d'Angleterre*,) he contrived to keep quite clear of their feuds, and was cultivated and confided in by both to the last. But indeed if no man was more feared and dreaded for satiric wit than Chesterfield, and if, as we believe, no man ever paid dearer for the indulgence of that faculty in its results to his political ambition, it must be allowed that no great wit ever passed through the world with so few social quarrels. We may be sure he practised diligently the precept so often inculcated on his son—“Be always ready to embrace any man whom you don't feel entitled or disposed to knock down.”

We may also, we think, consider ourselves as having a claim on Lord Mahon for a fuller collection than has as yet appeared of his celebrated relation's miscellaneous works, both in prose and in verse. We know that some “Dialogues of the Dead” remain in manuscript, and have heard them highly commended by a most excellent judge. They were, we suppose, inspired by his propensity for quizzing his solemn friend Lyttleton, and withheld from the press in tenderness to the respectable victim. Several light pieces of verse, commonly ascribed to his pen, are only to be found in magazines of his day, or in books of elegant extracts. Others inserted as his by Maty, or Maty's successor in the confidence of Lady Chesterfield, are now known not to be his; though we can see not the least reason for supposing with Sir Egerton Brydges, (Collins Peerage, vol. iii.,) that the earl himself ever claimed in any sort the parentage of a stanza that did not belong to him. Sir Egerton, no doubt, disliked Lord Chesterfield for his sneers at the bibliomania, to say nothing of worse

heresies; but we believe he in this matter allowed himself to be mystified by the eternal malice of Horace Walpole, who hated Chesterfield with a perfect hatred, as son, as partisan, as rival wit—hated him as a substantive magnate, as far above the gossip of coats and crests as above accumulating tea-pots and smelling-bottles—hated him even in his vices, not because they were vices, but because they were manlier vices than his own. We infer from Lord Mahon's preface that Mr. Evelyn Shirley is in possession of various things hitherto inedited; and if among these be any more characters equal to those of Pope, Bolingbroke, Pulteney, Chatham, Newcastle and Bute—or to that now for the first time printed of Arbuthnot—the public would be very grateful for them. But at any rate Chesterfield's miscellaneous works have long been out of print; and his speeches, his political tracts, his essays on the follies and affectations of his day, his songs and metrical *jeux d'esprit*, all need and are well entitled to revision and illustration of the same kind that Lord Mahon has now bestowed on the gathered specimens of his Correspondence.*

Prefixed to this collection is a sketch of the life and character of Chesterfield, extracted nearly *verbatim* from the third volume of Lord Mahon's History of England, with some additional matter explanatory of his immediate task and objects. The sketch is a very excellent one—concise yet comprehensive, and in a style highly graceful. As a chapter in a history, a preface to a series of letters, or, we may venture to say, as an article in a Review, nothing could be better. But if Lord Mahon should, as we hope he will, undertake a general edition of Chesterfield's works, we trust he will accompany it with a complete biography. Dr. Maty's is a wretched performance; it is true he did not live to correct it finally for the press; but at any rate he wrote so close on the time, and so entirely under the directions of the earl's widow, that it was impossible for him, even had his abilities been much greater than they were, to produce a satisfactory life of Lord Chesterfield. He is evidently in leading-strings where his pace is best, and then it is stiff and pompous to a most doctorial degree of absurdity. Wherever there was a point

* Of Chesterfield's lighter Essays, one of the best is that on the dress of women. Two classes are thus neatly disposed of. Of the *plain* we read—“Their dress must not rise above plain humble prose; any attempts beyond it amount at best to the mock-heroic, and excite laughter. An ugly woman should by all means avoid any ornament that may draw eyes upon her which she will entertain so ill. But if she endeavors, by dint of dress, to cram her deformity down mankind, the insolence of the undertaking is resented; and when a Gorgon curls her snakes to charm the town, she would have no reason to complain of some avenging Perseus. Ugly women, who may more properly be called a third sex than a part of the fair one, should publicly renounce all thoughts of their persons, and turn their minds another way; they should endeavor to be honest good-humored gentlemen; they may amuse themselves with field sports, and a cheerful glass; and, if they could get into Parliament, I should, for my own part, have no objection to it. Should I be asked how a woman shall know she is ugly, and take her measures accordingly. I answer that, in order to judge right, she must not believe her eyes, but her ears, and if they have not heard very warm addresses and applications, she may depend upon it, it was the deformity, and not the severity of her countenance that prevented them.”

“There is another sort who may most properly be styled old offenders. These are exceedingly numerous: witness all the public places. I have often observed septuagenary great-grandmothers adorned, as they thought, with all the colors of the rainbow, while in reality they looked more like the decayed worms in the midst of their own silks. Nay, I have seen them proudly display withered necks, shrivelled and decayed like their marriage settlements, and which no hand but the cold hand of time had visited these forty years. The utmost indulgence I can allow here is extreme cleanliness, that they may not offend more senses than the sight; but for the dress, it must be confined to the clergy and the *tristibus*.”—*Miscellaneous Works*, vol. ii., pp. 48, 49.

of real delicacy or difficulty, he either flounders through a splash of unintelligible verbosity, or skips the whole matter with the lugubrious smirk of a German dancing-master. Not one of the questions that have in the sequel given rise to serious debate is clearly propounded—far less have we an opinion on it, expressed with manly directness one way or another. This is the led-chaplain style of memoir—less detestable only than that (now more in vogue) of the valet de chambre. Unfortunately it so happens that Lord Mahon's sketch, having been originally drawn up for the purposes of a general history, omits entirely what are now for the majority of readers the most interesting of the vexed topics alluded to. We will instance the theory, gravely transmuted into solemn fact by Archdeacon Coxe, that Chesterfield missed the favor of George II., because he sought it by courting Lady Suffolk instead of the queen; and the whole story of his connexion with Dr. Johnson, the Boswellian impression as to which is still so prevalent as to have inspired perhaps the most popular picture in the Royal Academy's exhibition of May, 1845. Lord Mahon is by talents and opportunities better qualified than any other man in England to write a worthy life of Lord Chesterfield. It is wanted: and we shall be extremely sorry for his sake and our own if he does not supply this blank. We hear with pleasure that his lordship is again in office: for our experience is all in favor of Chesterfield's dictum—"the men who go through most business have most leisure."

Meanwhile, with his present preface before us, there would be considerable imprudence in attempting another sketch of the earl's life on the scale suitable for this journal. We shall, therefore, venture merely on a few sentences with reference to one or two of the circumstances that seem to be, even now, most commonly misapprehended or misrepresented. And first, let us take Walpole's story about Lady Suffolk, and its adoption by worthy Mr. Coxe. The archdeacon, in his *Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole*, says:—

"Lord Chesterfield had requested the queen to speak to the king for some small favor; the queen promised, but forgot it: a few days afterwards, recollecting her promise, she expressed regret at her forgetfulness, and added that she would certainly mention it that day. Chesterfield replied that her majesty need not give herself that trouble, for Lady Suffolk had spoken to the king. The queen made no reply: but on seeing the king, told him that she had long promised to mention a trifling request to his majesty, but it was needless, because Lord Chesterfield had just informed her that she had been anticipated by Lady Suffolk. The king, who always preserved great decorum with the queen, and was very unwilling to have it supposed that the favorite interfered, was extremely displeased with both Lord Chesterfield and his mistress; the consequence was, that in a short time Lady Suffolk went to Bath for her health, to return no more to court: Chesterfield was dismissed from his office—and never heard the reason till two years before his death; when he was informed by the late Earl of Orford (Hor. Walpole) that his disgrace was owing to his having offended the queen by paying court to Lady Suffolk."—*Vol. ii., p. 283. (Edit. 1816.)*

This story (embalmed of course in Walpole's own *Memoirs of George II.*, which Coxe had not then seen) has since been repeated in we know not how many books and essays; and yet we must say

that we think the editor of the "*Suffolk Letters*" disproved it in the most conclusive manner more than twenty years ago. But so difficult it is to dislodge a fiction, however flagrant, which flatters the ordinary mediocrity of our race, by representing the acknowledged master in any department of life to have been foiled in his own craft, when practising it, as he supposed, with the utmost refinement of adroitness. That Chesterfield should not have understood the interior of the court of George II.—that it should have been his fate to be dismissed from that court in 1732, and to have remained in ignorance of the cause of his dismissal, till forty years afterwards Horace Walpole cleared up the mystery by recalling and explaining a *gaucherie* and a *bêtise* of Chesterfield's own—committed when the earl was in the thirty-eighth year of his age, and in the meridian of his courtly skill and diplomatic celebrity—the heaviest of archdeacons never chuckled over a more palpable mare's nest; but how he came to imbed it in the stiff clay of his own historic text without having taken the slightest trouble to compare the charmingly precise and particular *anecdote* of a Horace Walpole with the dates of about the most prominent events in Lord Chesterfield's public career, is a specimen of incompetency for the study of affairs such as Clarendon himself could hardly have prognosticated for a cathedral close. Lord Chesterfield and Mrs. Howard were intimately acquainted long before the lady attracted the notice of Queen Caroline or of George II. Their friendship continued all through the time when the lady's favor was at its height; and it was during that very time that Chesterfield occupied in succession all the distinguished offices in the family of George II. as Prince of Wales. On the opening of his reign Chesterfield—*anno etat. 32!*—had the garter, and became at once Lord Steward of the Household and Ambassador to the Hague. Chesterfield remained at the Hague four years, till 1732, by which time it was well known to him, and to all Mrs. Howard's friends, that her influence had waned to a shadow. Immediately on his return to England he joined the parties who had coalesced for the overthrow of Sir R. Walpole. He engaged forthwith in the literary warfare against the minister, in which his wit and sarcasm rendered him most formidably efficient; and he was dismissed from his place in the household the instant that he threw off the mask, and took part in the parliamentary opposition to Walpole's great Excise Bill. He was dismissed on the *second* day after that bill was withdrawn; and on the same grounds as were dismissed at the same time from their places in the household, the Duke of Montrose, Lords Stair, Marchmont, and Burlington: nay, so unbridled was Sir R. Walpole's resentment of that opposition, that he at the same moment deprived Lord Clinton not only of his place in the household, but of the lord-lieutenancy of Devonshire; and both the Duke of Bolton and Lord Cobham of their regiments in the army. This was the mysterious dismissal of April, 1732, which Horace Walpole expounded to Lord Chesterfield in 1771! As to Mrs. Howard, she became Countess of Suffolk in 1731—from the hour when that event had set her at ease in money matters, we see by her letters that she was well disposed to retire from court—but she did not leave it till 1735—three years after that dismissal of Chesterfield, to which Archdeacon Coxe represents her ladyship's retirement as the ominous preliminary!

To conclude—Chesterfield's letters to the lady herself contain the clearest evidence that he all along completely understood the predominant influence of Queen Caroline.* And Lord Mahon has now, for the first time, printed a very curious fragment on the character of Lady Suffolk by Chesterfield, (vol. ii., p. 440,) which, if more proof were wanted, distinctly proves the same thing.

We have been much obliged to the notes of the editor of the "Suffolk Papers." He is, however, mistaken in saying, (vol. ii., p. 85,) that Chesterfield never appeared at the court of George II. after the dismissal of April 13, 1732. Fourteen years, indeed, passed before he repeated the visit which immediately followed the withdrawal of his white wand; nor is it difficult to account for this, without any sort of reference to the supposed hostility of Queen Caroline—who died in 1737. For some years previous to the death of George I., Chesterfield had been the favorite among many suitors for the hand of his majesty's daughter by the Duchess of Kendal—Melosina de Schullenburg, created in her own right Countess of Walsingham, and considered, as long as her father lived, as likely to turn out one of the wealthiest heiresses in the kingdom. George I. opposed himself to the young lady's inclinations in consequence of Chesterfield's notorious addiction to gambling. She took her own way, as ladies generally do, as soon as circumstances permitted. Chesterfield's dismissal from court had followed, as we have seen, almost immediately on his return from a four years' residence in Holland—and within a few months more Lady Walsingham became Lady Chesterfield. Chesterfield's house in Grosvenor Square was next door to the Duchess of Kendal's, and from this time he was domesticated with the mother as well as the daughter. The ancient mistress suggested and stimulated legal measures respecting a will of George I., which George II. is said to have suppressed and destroyed, and by which, as the duchess alleged, the late king had made a splendid provision for Lady Walsingham;—and at last, rather than submit to a judicial examination of the affair, George II. compromised the suit by a payment of £20,000 to the Earl and Countess of Chesterfield. These things were not likely to smooth the way for the ex-lord steward back to St. James—they would be of themselves sufficient to account for his continued exclusion. But this was not all: for during both the later years of Walpole, and under Walpole's immediate successors too, Chesterfield's wit was turned to no point more assiduously than that of ridiculing and disparaging the precious electorate and all its concerns. German connexions and subsidies—German powers and principalities—were his perpetual butt; nay, the military, and martinet, and army-tailor propensities of George II. were exposed by this "wit among lords" and "lord among wits," as mercilessly as the innocent farming of George III. ever was by Peter Pindar. As his miscellaneous pieces, especially political, are now in few hands, we are not unwilling to give a specimen of his vein in this way, in the heyday of his vigor, and we submit part of one paper in *Fog's Journal*, (the *Continuation of Mist's*,) January 17, 1736:—

"My friend ****, having resided some time at a very considerable court in Germany, had there contracted an intimacy with a German prince, whose dominions and revenues were as small as

his birth was great and illustrious; there are some few such in the august Germanic body. This prince made him promise, that whenever he should return to England, he would make him a visit in his principality. Accordingly, about two years ago, he waited upon his serene highness; who, being apprised a little beforehand of his arrival, resolved to receive him with all possible marks of honor and distinction. My friend was not a little surprised to find himself conducted to the palace through a lane of soldiers resting their firelocks, and the drums beating a march. His highness, who observed his surprise, after the first compliments, spoke very gravely to him thus:—

"I do not wonder that you, who are well informed of the narrowness both of my territories and my fortune, should be astonished at the number of my standing forces; but I must acquaint you, that the present critical situation of my affairs would not allow me to remain defenceless, while all my neighbors were arming around me. There is not a prince near me that has not made an augmentation in his forces, some of four, some of eight, and some even of twelve men; so that you must be sensible that it would have been consistent neither with my honor nor safety, not to have increased mine. I have therefore augmented my army up to forty effective men, from but eight-and-twenty that they were before; but in order not to overburden my subjects with taxes, nor oppress them by the quartering and insolence of my troops, as well as to remove the least suspicion of my designing anything against their liberties, to tell you the plain truth, my men are of wax, and exercise by clock-work. You may easily perceive," added he, "that if I were in any real danger, my forty men of wax are just as good a security to me as if they were of the best flesh and blood in Christendom: as for the dignity and show, they answer those purposes full as well; and in the mean time they cost me so little, that our dinner will be much the better for it."

"My friend respectfully signified to him his sincere approbation of his wise and prudent measures, and assures me that he had never in his life seen finer bodies of men, better-sized, nor more warlike countenances.

"The ingenious contrivance of this wise and warlike potentate struck me immediately, as a hint that might be greatly improved to the public advantage. I have turned it every way in my thoughts with the utmost care, and shall now present it to my readers, willing however to receive any further lights and assistance from those who are more skilled in military matters than I am.

"I therefore humbly propose, that, from and after the 25th day of March next, 1736, the present numerous and expensive army be totally disbanded, the commission officers excepted; and that proper persons be authorized to contract with Mrs. Salmon, for raising the same number of men in the best of wax. The said persons be likewise authorized to treat with that ingenious mechanic, Myn Heer Von Pinchbeck, for the clock-work necessary for the said number of land forces.

"Infinite pains have been taken of late, but alas in vain, to bring up our present army to the nicety and perfection of a waxen one; it has proved impossible to get such numbers of men, all of the same height, the same make, with their own hair, timing exactly together the several motions of their exercise, and, above all, with a certain military fierceness that is not natural to British coun-

* See e. g. "Suffolk Letters," vol. ii., p. 84.

tenances: even some very considerable officers have been cashiered for wanting SOME OF THE PROPERTIES OF WAX.

"By my scheme all these inconveniences will be entirely removed; the men will be all of the same size, and, if thought necessary, of the same features and complexion; the requisite degree of fierceness may be given them by the proper application of whiskers, scars, and such like indications of courage, according to the taste of their respective officers; and their exercise will, by the skill and care of Myn Heer Von Pinchbeck, be in the highest German taste, and may possibly arrive at the *one motion*, that great desideratum in our discipline. The whole, thus ordered, must certainly furnish a more delightful spectacle than any hitherto exhibited, to such as are curious of reviews and military exertions. But give me leave to say too, that an army thus constituted will be very far from being without its terror, and will doubtless strike all the fear that is consistent with the liberties of a free people.

"Our British monarchs in the Tower are never beheld but with the profoundest respect and reverence; and that bold and manly representation of Henry VIII. never fails to raise the strongest images of one kind or another in its beholders.

"My readers will observe, that I only propose a reduction of the private men, for, upon many accounts, I would by no means touch the commissions of the officers. As they are all in parliament, I might be suspected of political views, which I protest I have not. I would therefore desire that the present set of officers may keep the keys, to wind up their several regiments, troops, or companies; and that a master-key to the whole army be lodged in the hands of the general-in-chief for the time being, or, in default of such, in the hands of the prime minister. I would further provide, that, in the disbanding the present army, an exact account should be taken of every soldier's right of voting in elections; and that the like number of votes, and for the same places, shall be reserved to every regiment, troop, or company, of this new army; these votes to be given collectively by the officers of the said regiment, troop, or company, in as free and uninfluenced a manner as hath at any time been practised within these last twenty years.

"Moreover, I would provide, that Mann and Day* shall, as at present, have the entire clothing of this new army; so scrupulous am I of distressing the administration."

Even the turning lathe at Kensington does not escape. This is from No. 32 of a paper called "Common Sense," in 1737:—

"The players who get their parts by heart, and are to stimulate but for three hours, have a regard, in choosing those parts, to the natural bent of their genius. Penkethman never acted Cato; nor Booth, Scrub; and I would much rather be an excellent shoemaker than a ridiculous and inept minister of state. I greatly admire our industrious neighbors, the Germans, for many things; but for nothing more than their steady adherence to the voice of Nature; they indefatigably pursue the way she has chalked out to them, and never deviate into any irregularities of character. Thus many of the

first rank, if happily turned to mechanics, have employed their whole lives in the incatenation of fleas, or the curious sculpture of cherry-stones; but none, that I have heard of, ever deviated into an attempt at wit. Nay, due care is taken even in the education of their princes, that they may be fit for something, for they are always instructed in some other trade besides that of government; so that, if their genius does not lead them to be able princes, it is ten to one but they are excellent turners."

In a graver sheet of the same paper, (January, 1739,) after much laudation of Hanover, we are told—

"There cannot be a stronger instance of the advantages arising to a country from a wise and a frugal administration, than the great improvements of that electorate, under the successive government of his late and his present majesty. The whole revenues of the electorate, at the time of his late majesty's accession to the throne of these realms, did not amount to more than £300,000 a year; and yet soon afterwards the considerable purchases of Bremen and Verden were made for above £500,000 sterling. Not long after this, the number of troops in the electorate was raised much above what it was before thought able to maintain, and has continued ever since upon that high establishment. Since his present majesty's accession to the electorate, notwithstanding that the expenses for the current service of the year equal, at least the revenue of Hanover, yet, by a prudent and frugal management, a million sterling at least has been laid out, over and above, in new acquisitions."

Small wonder that Chesterfield gained nothing by the downfall of Walpole, though no one had labored for that downfall with more persevering energy both of voice and pen. Small wonder that even in the second of the succeeding cabinets he found no place; it was more than sufficient that his friends should be able to nominate him for another mission to the Hague, and for the lieutenancy of Ireland, which he was allowed to hold with his embassy. He performed his Dutch business (as on the former occasion) with admirable skill—and repaired to the seat of his viceroyalty on the rumor of invasion in the autumn of 1745—but still without ever being admitted to the presence of his sovereign. It was the consummate prudence, firmness, and even now astonishing success of his brief Irish administration—his success in keeping Ireland perfectly tranquil all through the Jacobite insurrection—nay, in producing and maintaining, at such a juncture, a more general appearance of good will towards the English government than has ever since, we believe, been exhibited there during even so short a space as eight months together—it was this great service—especially as contrasted with the offence of his anti-Carteret friends in threatening a *strike* at the very crisis of the rebellion—it was this that finally subdued the very excusable antipathy and jealousy of George II.* The earl's gracious reception on his return to London, and the familiarity of the subsequent intercourse between him and the king, being narrated fully by Dr. Maty, besides being embellish-

* A firm of woollen-draperies in the Strand; the first of them was grandfather to Sir Horace Mann, the correspondent of Horace Walpole—who, by the way, in the "Memoirs of George III.," just published (vol. iv., p. 19,) expressly calls Mann his *connin*.

* It would seem that the "Memoirs of George II." had opened the eyes of Mr. Cox; for in his later publication on the Pelham ministry, (vol. i., p. 346,) when he narrates these transactions, he does not recur to Horace Walpole's story about Lady Suffolk, but justly describes George II. as having, until 1746, "fostered a strong resentment against Chesterfield for his former virulent invectives against Hanoverian predilections."

ed with some lively caricatures by Horace Walpole, we are somewhat surprised that the truth of the case should have escaped the sharp-sighted editor of the *Suffolk Correspondence*.

Chesterfield now exchanged his lord lieutenancy for the office of secretary of state in England—a change alike unfortunate for himself, for his sovereign, and, we are most seriously persuaded, for the permanent interests of the empire. He came to take part in an administration with the heads of which he never cordially agreed on the main question of their foreign policy; and a variety of collisions, the details of which are no longer of general interest, produced his resignation of the seals in 1748—which proved to be his final retirement from official life—he being at that time only in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and in the full possession of talents and experience such as no contemporary surpassed. Had he continued in Ireland for but a few years more—heartily animated as he was with an interest in the country, a warm love of the people, a thorough conviction that a course of steady impartial government, a fixed discountenancing of jobs of every sort and kind, and the cordial promotion of national industry in all departments—the whole administration conducted on the principle of fostering whatever was at once Irish and good, and of discouraging whatever needlessly irritated the prejudices of a naturally generous and affectionate race of men—had Lord Chesterfield been allowed to remain in Dublin for ten years in place of eight months, we think it almost impossible that he should not have accomplished more for the civilization of the people, the improvement of the country's resources, and the obliteration of its long-descended feuds and bitternesses, than could have been looked for from twenty years of any lord lieutenant since the revolution. It was a grievous blunder that removed from Ireland, which needed a first-rate man, a first-rate man for whom the first place was not open in England, and who could nowhere be satisfied long to fill any place but the first.

We cannot refuse ourselves a quotation from Lord Mahon:—

"Chesterfield's second embassy to Holland, in 1745, confirmed and renewed the praises he had acquired by the first. So high did his reputation stand at this period, that Sir Watkin Wynn, though neither his partisan nor personal friend, once in the house of commons reversed in his favor Clarendon's character of Hampden, saying that 'Lord Chesterfield had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute, any worthy action.' At home his career, though never, as I think, inspired by a high and pervading patriotism, deserves the praise of humane, and liberal, and far-sighted policy. Thus, after the rebellion, while all his colleagues thought only of measures of repression—the dungeon or the scaffold—disarming acts and abolition acts—we find that Chesterfield 'was for schools and villages to civilize the Highlands.' But undoubtedly the most brilliant and useful part of his career was his lord lieutenancy of Ireland. It was he who first, since the revolution, made that office a post of active exertion. Only a few years before, the Duke of Shrewsbury had given as a reason for accepting it, that it was a place where a man had business enough to hinder him from falling asleep, and not enough to keep him awake! Chesterfield, on the contrary, left nothing undone, nor for others to do. Being once asked how he was able to go through

so many affairs, he answered, "Because I never put off till to-morrow what I can do to-day." Chesterfield was also the first to introduce at Dublin—long as it had reigned in London—the principle of impartial justice. It is no doubt much easier to rule in Ireland on one exclusive principle or on another. It is very easy, as was formerly the case, to choose the great Protestant families for 'Managers,' to see only through their eyes, and to hear only through their ears; it is very easy, according to the modern fashion, to become the tool and champion of Roman Catholic agitators; but to hold the balance even between both; to protect the establishment, yet never wound religious liberty; to repress the lawlessness, yet not chill the affections, of that turbulent but warm-hearted people; to be the arbiter, not the slave, of parties: this is the true object worthy that a statesman should strive for, and fit only for the ablest to attain! 'I came determined,' writes Chesterfield many years afterwards, 'to proscribe no set of persons whatever, and determined to be governed by none. Had the Papists made any attempt to put themselves above the law, I should have taken good care to have quelled them again. It was said that my lenity to the Papists had wrought no alteration either in their religious or their political sentiments. I did not expect that it would; but surely that was no reason for cruelty towards them.' Yet Chesterfield did not harshly censure, even where he strongly disapproved; but often conveyed a keen reproof beneath a good-humored jest. Thus, being informed by some exasperated zealot that his coachman was a Roman Catholic, and went every Sunday to mass—'Does he, indeed?' replied the lord lieutenant, 'I will take good care that he shall never drive me there!' When he first arrived at Dublin, a dangerous rebellion was bursting forth in the sister kingdom, and threatened to extend itself to a country where so many held the faith of the young Pretender. With a weak and wavering, or a fierce and headlong lord lieutenant—with a Grafton or a Strafford—there might soon have been another Papist army at the Boyne. But so able were the measures of Chesterfield; so clearly did he impress upon the public mind that his moderation was not weakness, nor his clemency cowardice; but that, to quote his own expression, 'his hand should be as heavy as Cromwell's upon them if they once forced him to raise it';—so well did he know how to scare the timid, while conciliating the generous, that this alarming period passed over with a degree of tranquillity such as Ireland has not often displayed even in orderly and settled times. This just and wise—wise because just—administration has not failed to reward him with its meed of fame; his authority has, I find, been appealed to even by those who, as I conceive, depart most widely from his maxims; and his name, I am assured, lives in the honored remembrance of the Irish people, as, perhaps, next to Ormond, the best and worthiest in their long vice-regal line."—Vol. i., pp. 9-11.

This eloquent passage is now reproduced exactly as it first appeared in 1839. We cannot read it over without again expressing our hope that Lord Mahon may yet expand and illustrate its statements. There are some apparent inconsistencies in Chesterfield's language, and conduct too, as to the Irish Romanists, on which Burke has left us a fierce commentary in the letter to Sir H. Langrishe, but as to which we think it probable the archives of Dublin Castle might yet furnish

a vindication. To these points Lord Mahon makes no allusion; and, as matters stand, they are sufficiently puzzling. We think even here he might have said more on the good effects in Ireland of what was precisely the source of his chief difficulties and disasters in his political career at home. The wit of the viceroy had a thousand charms for the Irish, and no terrors. He was not afraid of joking with anybody: he could give and take with equal readiness; and even what to us now-a-days seem very indecorous jokes, to have come from a man of his years, to say nothing of his station, were enjoyed and reciprocated at Dublin with most unceremonious glee. Lord Mahon does not forget the remarkable fact that during the whole of his lieutenantancy, as also while secretary of state afterwards, the earl had resolution to abstain wholly from the gaming-table, though it is well known that he reappeared at White's the very evening he resigned the seals. It is proper to add that he exerted himself in every way, by precept and by example, and with considerable success, to put down the habits of deep drinking in Irish society; and no lieutenant could have had a chance of success in that direction unless one disposed and qualified to enter freely into all the unbrutal parts of convivial enjoyment—one capable of reconciling even George Faulkener by copiousness of merriment to scant of claret. We fear he set a bad enough example as to some other matters, but even this promoted his popularity with high and low. We fear also that Lord Chesterfield's patronage of the Roman Catholics (such as that was—a much nearer approach to patronage, at all events, than they had experienced since 1688) had its root, partly at least, in his general indifference to religion; but on that subject we shall say something by-and-by. Meantime he condensed much wisdom into his parting sentence to the Bishop of Waterford—"Be more afraid of Poverty than of the Pope."

Chesterfield resigned the seals in 1748—and whoever was the penman of the once celebrated tract entitled "An Apology for a late Resignation," we have no doubt that it states truly the ground of his retirement—namely, his aversion to the war and his resentment of his cousin Newcastle's interference with the proper patronage of his office. That he at the time meant his retirement to be final, Lord Mahon seems to believe fully—but here we cannot agree with the editor. We consider it much more probable that he would have been very willing to take office again—upon the great changes produced by the death of Pelham especially—but for the sad, to him of all men the most grievous, infirmity of deafness, which—within but a few years after 1748—though it might not materially interfere with his efficiency as a parliamentary orator,* must have unfitted him for watching and participating in the tide of debate, as would have been expected from an official leader in the house of lords. As to the authorship of the "Apology," Coxe, on the authority of Bishop Douglas, ascribes it to Mallet (Life of Lord Walpole, vol. ii., p. 206.) Lord Mahon (vol. iii., p. 254) does not allude to this claim, but seems to attach more weight to a letter of Horace Walpole to Sir H. Mann, (December, 1748,) where the

pamphlet is given to Lord Marchmont, who, Horace adds, had nearly lost his own place in consequence. To this piece of evidence we can oppose the opinion of Horace Walpole himself at a later date; for in his "Memoirs of George II." he expressly calls it "Chesterfield's book"—and, moreover, we have now before us the copy of the "Apology" sold at the Strawberry Hill Auction, and on its title-page in Horace's autograph are these words—"Lord Chesterfield's." It is possible, however, that Lord Mahon placed more reliance on Chesterfield's own disclaimer at the time to Mr. Dayrolles, viz., "Upon my word and honor, so far am I from having any hand directly or indirectly in it, that I do not so much as guess the author, though I have done all I could to fish him out." (April 8, 1748.) But, in the first place, the very formality and solemnity of this disclaimer, addressed to his intimate friend *the resident at the Hague*, would to us have seemed very suspicious; for it is clear, from not a few passages (*now first published*) in his correspondence with this very gentleman, that Chesterfield had no faith in the post-office. He says to Dayrolles shortly before his resignation, (January, 1748,) "Write to me from time to time as usual—but remember I shall be no longer master of the post—therefore let no letter that comes by it contain anything but what will bear an opening previous to mine," (vol. iii., p. 238,) and in April, after he had resigned, he says, "Don't send me the name in a letter by the post, for I know that most letters to and from me are opened," (*ibid.*, p. 257.) We put Chesterfield's denial to Dayrolles, in a word, on the same foot with Swift's denial of his concern in Gulliver to Pope and Arbuthnot, and account for it in the same way. Secondly, it is impossible to read the pamphlet and believe that Lord Chesterfield read it without a suspicion who wrote it. It could have come from no man but one intimately conversant with the interior state of the cabinet, and with the secret occurrences of Chesterfield's own vexed career as secretary. We have no doubt the pamphlet was dictated by Chesterfield, and think it most likely that Mallet, not Marchmont, held the pen. Some few inelegancies in the language are probably marks of Mallet's hand—but these, and even certain inflated compliments to Lord Chesterfield's wit, may have been studiously introduced by the master himself—parts of his *blind*.

On his resignation, George II. offered him a dukedom; but Chesterfield, whom so many think of as a perfect peacock of vanity, declined that distinction. He did not approve of Lord Johns and Lord Charleses.

During his brief tenure of the seals as secretary occurred that address and dedication to him of the plan or prospectus of the English Dictionary with which Boswell's narrative still connects in the popular mind impressions bitterly adverse and (we think) quite unjust to Lord Chesterfield. We fancy few take the trouble to reflect on the actual positions of the earl and Johnson in November, 1747. Samuel Johnson was *anno atat.* 38, not our and Boswell's Dr. Johnson. Boswell himself never saw him till sixteen years later. Visiting London in 1760 he had a glimpse of a chance through—Derrick the poet, but that failed. In 1761 he had another glimpse through—Sheridan the elocutionist, but that failed. In May, 1763, his hopes were crowned—by an introduction in the back shop of Tom Davies! But what had excited even Boswell's nervous curiosity even in 1760!—

*Even Horace Walpole admits to Mann, in December, 1743, that the finest speech he ever heard was one of Chesterfield's. Horace had heard, when he wrote this, his own father, and Pulteney, and Carteret, and Wyndham, and Mansfield, and Chatham.

Between 1747 and then Johnson had shot up to a giant. In 1747 he had published nothing that we now value him for except his "London," and his Life of Savage. By 1760 he was the Doctor, the author of the Rambler and the Adventurer, of Rasselas, and of the Dictionary, &c., &c.; and even then we see what were the sort of channels through which a gentleman of birth, fortune, and talents, an enthusiastic admirer of his works twice failed, and ultimately succeeded, in getting access to his society. In 1747 Chesterfield was fifty-three, and secretary of state. Johnson's good friend, Dodsley, the bookseller, suggested that it would be well to address the plan to the brilliant and literary minister—but Dodsley had no acquaintance with my lord, and Johnson waited on him in person with his prospectus, whereupon he had patched sundry elaborate eulogies of the patron *in fore*—phrases most magniloquent, which he must have concocted with some twinges of conscience, as Chesterfield, though a scholar and a wit, was at least as well known as a gambler, a voluptuary, an infidel—and a whig. We need not repeat the immortalized grievances of his alleged reception—he had the secretary's approval of the plan, but what his friend Tyers calls the "substantial proofs of approbation," were limited to one donation of ten guineas—and Samuel Johnson, beside being actually kept waiting one day for some time in the secretary's antechamber, had the mortification to see Colley Cibber come out as he was invited to walk in. Kept waiting!—Samuel Johnson had not had much experience of Whitehall. Only ten guineas!—He had received no more for his "London"—he got but fifteen in 1748 for his "Vanity of Human Wishes." "Sir," said he to Boswell in reference to another yet later payment—"Ten pounds were to me at that time a great sum."

Boswell could not deny that when, after an interval of eight years, Johnson's Dictionary was at last published, Chesterfield recommended it promptly and efficaciously by two papers in "The World"—but he calls this "a courtly device" to cover the "neglect" of the intervening years, and ascribes Johnson's famous letter to indignation mainly at this "courtly device." *Imprimis*, the plan or prospectus was admirably written, but still it was only a plan. Its writer was known to Chesterfield merely as a clever *Grub-street* author—the companion of the Savages—the hack of Cave and Dodsley. How could he be sure that the plan would ever be executed! Are either earls as earls, or earls as secretaries of state, expected now—were they really expected then—to provide "substantially" for the support of any stranger who announces a great literary work while he shall be composing the work—a work which possibly he may have no serious intention to compose—a work which very possibly he may never be able to complete, (for the cleverest do not always calculate exactly the *quid valeant humeri*)—a work, finally, which if composed and completed well, is sure to turn out highly profitable to somebody—but not assuredly to the earl or the secretary! *Secundo*, notwithstanding Johnson's sonorous puffs of the earl's taste and genius, his plan was without question addressed to the earl because he was the secretary. Now he ceased to be the secretary very soon after the plan was submitted to him—in about four months after that awful waiting in the *salle des pas perdus*; and might he not be excused if he put the same construction on the puffs that we do, and considered that if the announced lexi-

con was really entitled to "substantial" encouragement throughout the various stages of its embryo progress, the author (or rather the publishing undertakers,) ought to look not to Philip Earl of Chesterfield, but to whoever succeeded him as his majesty's secretary of state! But *tertio*—Chesterfield retired from office in April, 1748—probably before Johnson had penned *de facto* one page of the Dictionary first announced in November, 1747—and during the years that passed between the presentation of the plan and the publication of the book, was the earl—as a private nobleman—so situated as to have made it likely that he would seek after the private acquaintance of a literary man fifteen years his junior, and known to none of his friends—or, if Boswell falls back on the mere furthering of the approved prospectus, were Johnson's own *public* proceedings during the interval such as would naturally inspire confidence in his industrious prosecution of the gigantic labor of the programmed Dictionary. As to Johnson, we have already mentioned that during those eight years he was before the world as author of an uninterrupted series of important writings, none of them in any way connected with the Dictionary; some of them, ("Rasselas" and the "Imitation of Juvenal," especially,) such as a man like Chesterfield might naturally enough think little likely to proceed from a diligent lexicographer's desk; each of them and all in their sequence and patent results such as must be supposed to operate largely for the pecuniary benefit of the author, and the encouragement of his booksellers as to whatever else he might have in hand. But what was the bodily condition of Lord Chesterfield during these eight years when Johnson was keeping himself before the world as novelist, biographer, essayist, and poet, though all the while guiding, directing, and animating the corps of humble scribes associated with him in the unseen toils of the Dictionary? One would have thought that everybody must have read at least Voltaire's tale, "Les Oreilles du Comte de Chesterfield." Mr. Croker says:—

"Why was it expected that Lord Chesterfield should cultivate Johnson's private acquaintance!—That he did not do so was a loss to his lordship; and the *amour propre* of Johnson might be (as, indeed, it probably was) offended at that neglect, but surely it was no ground for the kind of charge which is made against his lordship.

"The neglect lasted, it is charged, from 1748 to 1755; the following extracts of his private letters to his most intimate friends will prove that during that period Lord Chesterfield may be excused for not cultivating Johnson's society:—

"20th January, 1749.—'My old disorder in my head hindered me from acknowledging your former letters.'

"30th June, 1752.—'I am here in my hermitage, very deaf, and consequently alone; but I am less dejected than most people in my situation would be.'

"11th Nov., 1752.—'The waters have done my head some good, but not enough to refit me for social life.'

"16th Feb., 1753.—'I grow deafer, and consequently more "isolé" from society every day.'

"10th Oct., 1753.—'I belong no more to social life, which, when I quitted busy public life, I flattered myself would be the comfort of my declining age.'

"16th Nov., 1753.—'I give up all hopes of

cure. I know my place, and form my plan accordingly, for *I strike society out of it.*'

"7th Feb., 1754.—'At my age, and with my shattered constitution, freedom from pain is the best I can expect.'

"1st March, 1754.—'I am too much *isolé*, too much secluded either from the busy or the *beau monde*, to give you any account of either.'

"25th Sept., 1754.—'In truth, all the infirmities of an age still more advanced than mine crowd upon me. In this situation you will easily suppose that I have no pleasant hours.'

"10th July, 1755.—'My deafness is extremely increased, and daily increasing, and cuts me wholly off from the society of others, and my other complaints deny me the society of myself.'

"Johnson, perhaps, knew nothing of all this, and imagined that Lord Chesterfield declined his acquaintance on some opinion derogatory to his personal pretensions."—*Croker's Boswell*, vol. i., p. 245.

Boswell's editor has been equally successful in clearing up the history of the famous *Letter* itself. Chesterfield showed it at the time to some of his friends—nay, kept it openly on his table, and took a pleasure, as it seemed to them (though Boswell considers this another "courtly device," in pointing out the skilfulness of some of its vituperative turns and phrases. Johnson, on the other hand, to his credit be it said, seems to have repented of his violence very soon after it was committed. He never made a show of the letter. Importunate curiosity and adulation, and the doctor's own authorly vanity, induced him near twenty years afterwards to give Bozzy a copy—but he gave it under the strictest injunctions of secrecy, and when subsequently urged by the rhinoceros-skinned recipient to withhold no longer such a masterpiece from the gaze of the world, he sternly refused, saying, "I have done the dog too much mischief already."

Nothing but the inveterate mania of toadyism and lionizing could have made a gentleman born like Boswell adopt the notion that men of literary or scientific eminence have a right, merely as such, to be cultivated as private acquaintance by either secretaries of state or Earls of Chesterfield;—that they or their friends for them should ever condescend to complain of what Boswell in this story over and over calls "neglect," is to our view most melancholy and most degrading. We must add, whatever were Chesterfield's faults, he had none of those which Boswell on this occasion ascribes to him—and which Boswell would have been the last to say a word about, had there still been any chance of an invitation to Chesterfield House or Blackheath—the faults which do often keep men of high rank aloof from the society of persons inferior to them only in worldly station, and consequently in the *minora moralia* of manner and address. We need not repeat what has been said a thousand times, that his dwelling so pertinaciously on external trifles in the letters to his son was the consequence merely of the son's peculiar position and defects. In his own person the earl was a most polished, but yet by no means a fastidious man. He could keep company with a set of Irish squireens just as pleasantly as with the *élite* of St. James' or Versailles. For he was a student of man—human manners were his special lifelong study—and no man ever did study manners with true delight and diligence who had the misfortune to be emasculated by over-nicety. Johnson's mere manners were certainly in general bad enough:

but still Johnson, a lover of wit, had no objection to a lord. Boswell *once* dined with him at a duke's table, and candidly allows that he never saw him so courteous or more brilliant. On the whole, therefore, we think it probable that if any such common friend as Topham Beauclerk, or Wyndham, had brought them together in after days, we should have had the record of another scene as edifying as the one when John Wilkes squeezed the lemon on the doctor's roast veal, and gave him a bit more of the kidney. In that case even Chesterfield's infirmity could hardly have been an obstacle—for surely, if ever voice was deafness-proof, it was Samuel Johnson's.

We have already alluded to Walpole's "Memoirs of the Last Years of George II.," as decisive of his ultimate opinion as to the substantial authorship of the "Apology" of 1748. As the passage had escaped Lord Mahon's recollection, and as it is perhaps the very *chef-d'œuvre* of Horace Walpole's cold deliberate malice, we may as well pause to extract it from the huge quarto in which it as yet lies entombed. It is Horace's *résumé*, on having to state that the alteration of the *style* of 1752 was adopted on the motion of Lord Chesterfield—the government shrinking from such a proposal as likely to disturb the prejudices of the old women.

"February, 1751.—Lord Chesterfield brought a bill into the house of lords for reforming our style according to the Gregorian account, which had not yet been admitted into England, as if it were matter of heresy to receive a calendar amended by a pope. He had made no noise since he gave up the seals in 1748, when he published his *Apology* for that resignation. It was supposed to be drawn up by Lord Marchmont, under his direction, and was very well written; but to my Lord Chesterfield's great surprise, neither his book nor his retirement produced the least consequence. From that time he had lived at White's, gaming, and pronouncing witticisms among the boys of quality. He had early in his life announced his claim to wit, and the women believed in it. He had besides given himself out for a man of great intrigue, with as slender pretensions; yet the women believed in that too—one should have thought they had been more competent judges of merit in that particular! It was not his fault if he had not wit; nothing exceeded his efforts in that point: and though they were far from producing the wit, they at least amply yielded the applause he aimed at. He was so accustomed to see people laugh at the most trifling things he said, that he would be disappointed at finding nobody smile before they knew what he was going to say. His speeches were fine, but as much labored as his extempore sayings. His writings were—everybody's: that is, whatever came out good was given to him, and he was too humble ever to refuse the gift. * * In short, my Lord Chesterfield's being the instrument to introduce this new era into our computation of time will probably preserve his name in almanacs and chronologies, when the wit that he had but labored too much, and the gallantry that he could scarce ever execute, will be no more remembered."—*Memoirs*, vol. i., pp. 44—46.

To balance this Strawberry-hill view of Chesterfield we consider it is only fair to subjoin the same "noble author's" character of Dr. Johnson, from the newly published and closing volumes of his "Memoirs of the First Ten Years of George III.":—

"With a lumber of learning and some strong parts, Johnson was an odious and mean character—by principle a Jacobite, arrogant, self-sufficient, and overbearing by nature, ungrateful through pride, and of *feminine bigotry*. His manners were sordid, supercilious and brutal, his style ridiculously bombastic and vicious; and in one word, with all the pedantry he had all the gigantic littleness of a country schoolmaster."—Vol. iv., p. 297.

When Chesterfield was dead, and the letters to his son published, Johnson, as everybody knows, said they taught the morals of a strumpet and the manners of a dancing-master—but he subsequently admitted that "a very pretty book" might be picked out of them. In our younger days we remember a little book compiled in consequence probably of the doctor's hint—and if, as we believe, it has fallen out of print, it is a pity that this should be so. The remarks on punctuality, order, despatch, the proper use of time—on the cheapness and vast value of civility to servants and other inferiors—and so forth—all these are instinct with most consummate good sense and knowledge of life and business, and certainly nothing can be more attractive than the style in which they are set before young readers. Lord Mahon says:—

"It is by these letters that Chesterfield's character as an author must stand or fall. Viewed as compositions, they appear almost unrivalled as models for a serious epistolary style; clear, elegant, and terse, never straining at effect, and yet never hurried into carelessness. While constantly urging the same topics, so great is their variety of argument and illustration, that in one sense, they appear always different, in another sense, always the same. They have, however, incurred strong reprehension on two separate grounds: first because some of their maxims are repugnant to good morals; and, secondly, as insisting too much on manners and graces, instead of more solid acquirements. On the first charge I have no defence to offer; but the second is certainly erroneous, and arises only from the idea and expectation of finding a general system of education in letters that were intended solely for the improvement of one man. Young Stanhope was sufficiently inclined to study, and imbued with knowledge; the difficulty lay in his awkward address and indifference to pleasing. It is against these faults, therefore, and these faults only, that Chesterfield points his battery of eloquence. Had he found his son, on the contrary, a graceful but superficial trifler, his letters would no doubt have urged with equal zeal how vain are all accomplishments when not supported by sterling information. In one word, he intended to write for Mr. Philip Stanhope, and not for any other person. And yet, even after this great deduction from general utility, it was still the opinion of a most eminent man, no friend of Chesterfield and no proficient in the graces—the opinion of Dr. Johnson, 'Take out the immorality, and the book should be put into the hands of every young gentleman.'"—*Preface*, pp. 18, 19.

These letters were addressed to a natural son—and that circumstance should be constantly kept in mind; it is needful to explain many things that are said, and the only apology for many omissions; but at the same time we must say that if any circumstance could aggravate the culpability of a father's calmly and strenuously inculcating on his son the duties of seduction and intrigue, it is the fact of that son's unfortunate position in the world

being the result of that father's own transgression. And when one reflects on the mature age and latterly enfeebled health of the careful unwearied preacher of such a code, the effect is truly most disgusting; which feeling is not diminished by our reading, in the original preface of Mrs. Eugenia Stanhope, that Lord Chesterfield was "ever anxious to fix in his son a scrupulous adherence to the strictest morality"—that it was "his first and most indispensable object to lay a firm foundation in good principles and sound religion;"—after which it is hardly worth while to quote Chesterfield's own occasional injunctions, such as "your moral character must be not only pure, but, like Cæsar's wife, unsuspected—the least blemish or speck on it is fatal;"—or to notice the dead silence, from first to last, as to religion, unless we must except a passage where the Old Testament is mentioned as one of the books needful for giving "some notion of history"—or the many enthusiastic eulogies of Voltaire, amidst which not one syllable is ever whispered as to the infidel tendency of all the writings of "the first of poets"—though some caution against infidel talk in society is once introduced—on the sole ground of its not being universally acceptable.

We give Lord Chesterfield full credit for his parental zeal and anxiety; in this respect he was very amiable; but we are afraid he went to his grave—he certainly drew up his last will—without ever having reflected seriously on the nature of his own dealings with his son's mother, or on—to speak of nothing more serious still—the personal, domestic, and social mischiefs inevitably consequent on the sort of conduct which his precept as well as his example held up for the imitation of his own base-born boy. By his will he leaves *five hundred pounds* to Madame de Bouchet "as some recompense for the injury he had done her." The story we believe to have been this:—About a year before Chesterfield's marriage, when he was ambassador to Holland, he was the great lion, and moreover the *Cupidon déchaîné* of the Hague. Some of his adventures excited in a particular manner the horror of an accomplished Frenchwoman of gentle birth who was living there as *dame de compagnie* to two or three Dutch girls—orphans, heiresses, and beauties. Her eloquent denunciations of his audacious practices, and her obvious alarm lest any of her fair charges should happen to attract his attention, were communicated somehow to the dazzling ambassador; and he made a bet that he would seduce herself first, and then the prettiest of her pupils. With the duenna at least he succeeded. She seems to have resided ever afterwards in or near London, in the obscurest retirement and solitude—cut off forever from country, family, friends. Five hundred pounds! Recompense!—*Five hundred pounds* from one of the wealthiest lords in England, who had no children—Philip himself had died some years before—and whose vast property was entirely at his own disposal! It is satisfactory to add that she refused the "recompense." In the magnificent mansion which the earl erected in Audley Street, you may still see his favorite apartments furnished and decorated as he left them—among the rest what he boasted of as "the finest room in London"—and perhaps even now it remains unsurpassed—his spacious and beautiful library, looking on the finest private garden in London. The walls are covered half way up with rich and classical stores of literature; above the cases are in

close series the portraits of eminent authors, French and English, with most of whom he had conversed:—over these, and immediately under the massive cornice, extend all round in foot-long capitals the Horatian lines:—

NUNC . VETERUM . LIBRIS . NUNC . SOMNO . ET IN-
ERTIBUS . HORIS.

DOCERE . SOLICITÆ . JUCUNDA . OBLIVIA . VITÆ.

On the mantel-pieces and cabinets stand busts of old orators, interspersed with voluptuous vases and bronzes, antique or Italian, and airy statuettes of opera nymphs. We shall never recall that princely room without fancying Chesterfield receiving in it a visit of his only child's mother—while probably some new victim or accomplice was sheltered in the dim mysterious little boudoir within—which still remains also in its original blue damask and fretted gold-work, as described to Madame de Monconseil. Did this scene of "sweet forgetfulness" rise before Mrs. Norton's vision when she framed that sadly beautiful episode which we quoted in our last number, of the faded broken-hearted mistress reproaching in his library amidst the busts of "bards and orators and sages," the

"Protestant and protesting gentleman,"

who had robbed her innocence and blasted her life!

Hear the paternal voice when Chesterfield House was in the hands of the decorators, and Philip Stanhope was at Paris—a novice of *nineteen*!

"What says Madame Dupin to you? I am told she is very handsome still; I know she was so some few years ago. She has good parts, reading, manners, and delicacy; such an *arrangement* would be both creditable and advantageous to you. She will expect to meet with all the good-breeding and delicacy that she brings; and, as she is past the glare and *éclat* of youth, may be more the willing to listen to your story, if you tell it well. For an attachment, I should prefer her to *la petite Blot*; and, for a mere gallantry, I should prefer *la petite Blot* to her; so that they are consistent, *et l'une n'empêche pas l'autre*. Adieu! remember *la douceur et les grâces*."—Vol. ii., p. 149.

And again (May, 1751):—

"What do you mean by your *Si j'osois*? Qu'est ce qui vous empêche d'oser? On ose toujours quand il y a espérance de succès; et on ne perd rien à oser, quand même il n'y en a pas. Un honnête homme sçait oser, et quand il faut oser il ouvre la tranchée par des travaux, des soins, et des attentions; s'il n'en est pas délogé d'abord il avance toujours à l'attaque de la place même. Après de certaines approches le succès est infallible, et il n'y a que les *nigauds* qui en doutent, ou qui ne le tentent point. Serait-ce le caractère respectable de Madame de la Valière qui vous empêche d'oser, ou serait-ce la vertu farouche de Madame Dupin qui vous retient? La sagesse invincible de la belle Madame Case vous décourage-t-elle plus que sa beauté ne vous invite? Mais fi donc!—Soyez convaincu que la femme la plus sage se trouve flattée, bien loin d'être offensée, par une déclaration d'amour, faite avec politesse et agrément. Il se peut bien qu'elle ne s'y prêtera point, c'est à dire si elle a un goût ou une passion pour quelque autre; mais en tout cas elle ne vous en sçaura pas mauvais gré; de façon qu'il n'est pas question d'oser dès qu'il n'y a pas de danger."—Vol. ii., p. 150.

Such is the perpetual strain. What a contrast are Chatham's letters to his nephew, written at precisely the same period!

"At the root of all Lord Chesterfield's errors," says Lord Mahon, "lay a looseness of religious principle." In our opinion he had no religion. Very few of his friends and associates had much—and he seems to have taken pleasant pains in recording the various shades of their infidelity. Bolingbroke, he tells us, "professed himself a Deist, believing in a general providence, but doubting, though by no means rejecting, (as is commonly supposed,) the immortality of the soul and a future state," (vol. ii., p. 450;) a duplicate nearly of Voltaire. Pope "was a Deist, believing in a future state; this he has often owned to me; but when he died, he sacrificed a cock to Esculapius, and suffered the priests who got about him to perform all their absurd ceremonies on his body." (*Ibid.*, p. 445.) It is to Chesterfield that the world is indebted for the proof that Swift ended as the Tale of a Tub shows him to have begun. The Dean died in the first month of the earl's viceroyalty. He probably picked "the Day of Judgment" out of some confidential companion at Dublin; and in 1751 he communicated the piece to Voltaire, through whose correspondence it first transpired. It ends with that consummately finished confession of the church dignitary's faith:—

"While each pale sinner hung his head,
Jove, nodding, shook the heavens, and said:
Offending race of human kind,
By nature, reason, learning, blind;
You who through frailty stepp'd aside,
And you who never fell—from pride;
You who in different sects were shamm'd,
And come to see each other damn'd—
(So some folk told you, but they knew
No more of Jove's designs than you)—
The world's mad business now is o'er,
And I resent these pranks no more,
—I to such blockheads set my wit!
I damn such fools!—Go, go, you're bit."

It is to Chesterfield that we owe the story of Pope and Atterbury's last interview in the Tower, according to which, unless Pope told Chesterfield a most egregious and circumstantial lie, or Chesterfield invented his own conversation with Pope at Twickenham, Bishop Atterbury, though a Christian when he left England never to return, had been a steady adherent of the sect of Bolingbroke, all the while that he filled a prominent place in the service and guidance of the church of England. Lord Mahon expresses utter disbelief in the whole story. "What judicious critic," he says, (vol. ii., p. 446,) "would weigh in the balance, for a moment, the veracity of Pope against the piety of Atterbury?" We hope his lordship's decision is right.

That there was, however, one sincere Christian in the Twickenham set, we have the evidence even of Chesterfield. His character of Arbuthnot (now first printed) is a pleasing relief in every way—and here he says:—

"He lived and died a devout and sincere Christian. Pope and I were with him the evening before he died, when he suffered racking pains from an inflammation in his bowels, but his head was clear to the last. He took leave of us with tenderness, without weakness, and told us that he died, not only with the comfort, but even the

devout assurance of a Christian.—Vol. ii., p. 448.”

Whether Chesterfield had the satisfaction of making his filial pupil either a libertine or an infidel we have no sufficient evidence. Notwithstanding Mr. James Boswell's attestation to the respectability of Mr. Philip Stanhope's character, (Croker's edition, i., 254,) these points remain in *obscurum*. We suppose there is no question that the noble tutor failed in his grand object of social elegance—and that, as Chesterfield had for his father a saturnine Jacobite, so he had a pedantic sloven for his son. But we hope these lines, which we take from the fly-leaf of a friend's copy of the fifth edition of the Letters (1774)—the handwriting unknown to that friend, though he is well skilled in such matters—have no merit but their point:—

“Vile Stanhope—Demons blush to tell
In twice two hundred places
Has shown his son the road to hell,
Escorted by the graces:
But little did the ungenerous lad
Concern himself about them;
For base, degenerate, meanly bad,
He sneaked to hell without them.”

Mr. Stanhope certainly made, in one important matter, a very ungrateful return for the unbounded attention which Lord Chesterfield bestowed on his success in this world. He married without his father's knowledge. The earl never heard that such a step had been contemplated even, until a widow and two children presented themselves at his door with evidence of their position. He was at this time very frail. The want of confidence cut the aged apostle of dissimulation to the quick—it was upon that son that he had concentrated his cares, and latterly at least, his affections. But he did not visit the offence on the widow and the orphans. He dealt with them all in the most generous manner. His letters to the lady are models of graciousness, and he provided for her boys' education and future establishment with liberality. Again he had an ungrateful return. As soon as he was in his coffin Mrs. Eugene Stanhope set about selling the manuscript of his letters to her husband—which certainly were written, if ever letters were, for the exclusive use of one person, and that person and his representatives bound by every tie to guard the secret—*dum calebant cineres* at all events. But she got £1500 by the job. We doubt if any earl has died since 1773 for two little volumes of whose private letters any one bookseller would have given a third of the sum. They went through five editions in the first twelve months.

His less exemplary usage of his own wife met with another sort of return. Her birth was, according to the now obsolete notions of that time, an illustrious distinction, to which were added a peerage in her own right, a handsome fortune, the prospect of a great one, and, unless her painters rivalled her lovers, no common share of beauty.

In truth, that this tall, dark-haired, graceful woman sprung from the amours of a Hanoverian king and a Dutch-built concubine seems to us, after all, very doubtful. These pretensions and advantages, however, were all hers when she selected Chesterfield from a host of suitors; and certainly during the flower of her life and his own he was a most profligate husband. Nevertheless, the Correspondence bears evidence that the childless countess treated his son with almost maternal regard, and that in his infirm old age she watched over him with unwearied devotion. For his memory after he was gone she on all occasions showed an anxious concern. Dr. Maty's weak book is the monument of her tenderness. We are, we suppose, to divide our admiration between the generosity of the sex which Chesterfield flattered, outraged, and despised—the clinging insinuations of virgin love and conjugal pride—and the fascination of his habitual small courtesies.

The likeness prefixed to these volumes is from a very fine picture by Gainsborough at Chevening. It was painted in his seventieth year—but we should have guessed him far above eighty: for the excesses of youth and manhood (especially his contempt of Boerhaave's celebrated prescription for him when consulted at the Hague) had produced a general languor and relaxation of the nervous system, and seamed the beautiful countenance all over with wrinkles which no Lawrence could ever have ventured to imitate. We are surprised that Lord Mahon did not take rather the exquisite portrait in Crayons by Rosalba, done when Chesterfield House was building, and still empannelled in its original position. This gives us the no longer young, but perfectly preserved Chesterfield—the ambassador, the viceroy, the secretary. His figure, though on a small scale, was very good—every limb turned by Nature's daintiest hand, yet full of vigor, till it paid the penalties of vice. The head is inimitable—we never saw any engraving of him, either from bust, or medal, or picture, that gives an approach to its peculiar expression. The features are all classical—the eyes full of softness, yet of fire—the brow and eyebrows grave and manly—the mouth small, but impressed with such a mixture of firmness, sense, wit, gaiety, and voluptuous delicacy as few artists could have imagined—and no one of that day but Rosalba could have transcribed.*

* We have a serious complaint to make of this “Collective edition of Chesterfield's letters.”—it has no Index. It was the same with the “Collective edition of Walpole's Letters,” lately issued from the same establishment, and, like this, in other respects satisfactorily arranged. The publisher ought to know that, though such omissions may not be regarded by the keepers of circulating libraries, they are most annoying to people who have libraries of their own, and buy books to be bound, preserved and consulted—not merely to be read or glanced over, like a “standard novel,” or some sentimental spinster's *mince* or peculiar captain's *hash* of history or memoirs. In every considerable printing office there may be found some intelligent man willing and able to compile a sufficient index for such a book as this now before us, for a very moderate remuneration, at his leisure hours.

From the Edinburgh Review.

Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil. By N. P. F. WILLIS. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1845.

WHATEVER doubt or surprise the details and extracts with which we are about to amuse our readers, may seem to attach to the fact, we beg to assure those of them who do not already know it, that Mr. Willis has actually written some rather clever books, occasionally marked by traits of genius. But, with respect to the present publication, we confess we have been frequently at a loss to judge whether his narratives were intended to be taken as serious, or only jocular—as what he himself believed to be truths, or intended only as amusing fancies. True, he writes, as he tells us, with “a free pencil;” but it also is true that he writes as if he wished his readers to think that he is perfectly in earnest; that he speaks in his own proper person, and reveals his own adventures, or what he appears to wish to be taken as such; and we therefore feel it to be quite fair—indeed that we are bound—to take him at his word, and to deal with him accordingly.

The history of these “Dashes at Life,” which some of our contemporaries have much extolled, is thus modestly given in the preface:—“Like the sculptor, who made toys of the ‘fragments of his unsalable Jupiter,’ the author, in the following collection of brief tales, gives material, that, but for a single objection, would have been moulded into works of larger design. That objection is the unmarketableness of American books in America, owing to our (Mr. Willis is an American) defective law of copyright.” And he proceeds to show, with pathetic accuracy, that as an American publisher can get all English books for nothing, he will not throw away his money on American writers; hence the only chance of a livelihood for the latter, is to contribute to periodical literature, and to transport works of bulk and merit to the English market.

So, after all, if a few authors and publishers grumble at piracy, the public gains. But for the pirates of New York and Boston, we should never have had Mr. Willis’ “Dashes.” And though the genius which might have perfected the Jupiter, has been thus partly balked—though Mr. Willis has been forced to fritter away his marble and intellect in a commerce of toys; still the fragmented Jupiter has, with the frieze of the Parthenon, found an appropriate locality in the capital of the world.

But, to proceed with the history, we may state that it was Mr. Willis’ intention to work up some of these sketches into substantive novels, but for the unsatisfactory state of the market for that commodity; and there can be no sort of doubt that the genius which conceived, might have enlarged the “Dashes” to any size. In the first half of these volumes, there are some twenty tales illustrative of English and Continental life—true copies, Mr. Willis states, of what he had seen there; and most of them of so strange and diverting a nature, that a man of genius might have made many scores of volumes out of the adventures recorded in only a few hundreds of these duodecimo pages. The Americans, by their piratical system, have robbed themselves of that pleasure; and the Union might have had a novelist as prolific as M. Dumas or Mr. James, had it possessed the common generosity to pay him.

The European, as contradistinguished from the

American views of society, we take to be by far the most notable of the “Dashes.” The judgment of foreigners has been called, by a happy blunder of logic, that of contemporary posterity. In Mr. Willis we have “a republican visiting a monarchical country for the first time, traversing the barrier of different ranks with a stranger’s privilege, and curious to know how nature’s nobility holds its own against nobility by inheritance, and how heart and judgment were modified in their action by the thin air at the summit of refinement.” That Mr. Willis, in this exalted sphere, should have got on in a manner satisfactory to himself, is no wonder. Don Christopher Sly conducted himself, we all remember, with perfect ease in the ducal chair. Another personage of somewhat humble rank in life, was, as we also know, quite at home at the court of Queen Titania, and inspired her majesty with a remarkable passion. So also our republican stranger appears to have been equally at his ease, when he appeared for the first time in European aristocratic society.

The great characteristic of high society in England, Mr. Willis assures us, is admiration of literary talent. “At the summit of refinement,” a natural nobleman, or a popular writer for the magazines, is in all respects the equal of a duke. As some captain of Free Lances of former days, elbowed his way through royal palaces, with the eyes of all womankind after him—so in the present time a man, by being a famous *Free Pencil*, may achieve a similar distinction. Of such a champion, the ladies don’t say as in the times of the Free Lances, he fought at Hennebon or Pavia, but that he wrote that charming poem in *Colburn*, that famous article in *Blackwood*. Before that title to fame, all aristocratic heads bow down. The ladies do not care for rank, or marry for wealth—they only worship genius!

This truly surprising truth forms the text of almost every one of Mr. Willis’ “Dashes” at English and Continental life. The heroes of the tales are all more or less alike—all “Free Pencils.” Sometimes the tales are related in the first person, as befalling our American; sometimes a flimsy third person veils the author, but you can’t but see that it is Cæsar who is writing his own British or Gallic victories, for the “Free Pencil” always conquers. Duchesses pine for his love; modest virgins go into consumptions and die for him; old grandmothers of sixty forget their families and propriety, and fall on the neck of this “Free Pencil.” If this be true, it is wonderful; if it is fiction, it is more wonderful still, that all a man’s delusions should take this queer turn—that Alnaschar should be *always* courting the vizier’s daughter—courting! what do we say? it is the woe-worn creature who is always at Alnaschar’s feet, and he (in his vision) who is kicking her.

The first of the pictures of London life is called “Leaves from the Heart-book of Ernest Clay.” This, but for the unfavorable circumstance before alluded to, was to have been a novel of three volumes; and indeed it would have been hard to crowd such a hero’s amours into a few chapters. Ernest is a great “Free Pencil,” with whom Jules Janin himself (that famous chieftain of the French “Free Pencils,” who translated Sterne, confessing that he did not know a word of English, and “did” his own wedding-day in a *feuilleton* of the *Journal des Débats*) can scarcely compare. The “Heart-book” opens in Ernest’s lodgings,

"in a second floor front, No —, South Audley Street, Grosvenor Square," where Ernest is writing, before a three-halfpenny inkstand, an article for the next *New Monthly Magazine*. It was two o'clock, and the author was at breakfast—and to show what a killing man of the world poor Ernest was, his biographer tells us, that—

"On the top of a small leather portmanteau, near by, (the three-half-penny inkstand, the like of which you may buy 'in most small shops in Soho,') stood two pair of varnished-leather boots of a sumptuous expensiveness, slender, elegant, and without spot, except the leaf of a crushed orange blossom clinging to one of the heels. The boots and the inkstand were tolerable exponents of his (the fashionable author's) two opposite but closely woven existences."

A printer's devil comes to him for his tale, and as the man of genius has not written a word of it, he begins to indite a letter to the publisher, which we print with what took place subsequently; that the public may be made acquainted with the habits of "Free Pencils" in composition.

"He had seized his pen and commenced:—

"Dear Sir,—The tale of this month will be called —." As it was not yet conceived, he found a difficulty in baptizing it. His eyebrows descended like the bars of a knight's visor; his mouth, which had expressed only lassitude and melancholy, shut close, and curved downward, and he sat for some minutes dipping his pen in the ink, and at each dip adding a new shoal to the banks of the inky Azores.

"A long sigh of relief, and an expansion of every line of his face into a look of brightening thought, gave token presently that the incubation had been successful. The gilded note-paper was pushed aside, a broad and fair sheet of 'foreign post' was hastily drawn from his blotting-book, and forgetful alike of the *unachieved cup of tea* (?) and the waiting 'devil' of Marlborough street, the felicitous author dashed the first magic word on mid-page, and without title or motto, traced rapidly line after line, his face clearing of lassitude, and his eyes of their troubled languor, as the erasures became fewer, and his punctuations further between.

"Any answer to the note, sir?" said the maid-servant, who had entered unnoticed, and stood close at his elbow, wondering at the flying velocity of his pen.

"He was at the bottom of the fourth page, and in the middle of a sentence. Handing the wet and blotted sheet to the servant, with an order for the messenger to call the following morning for the remainder, he threw down his pen and abandoned himself to the most delicious of an author's pleasures—*revery in the mood of composition*. He forgot work. Work is to put such reveries into words. His imagination flew on like a horse without his rider—gloriously and exultingly, but to no goal. The very waste made his indolence sweeter—the very nearness of his task brightened his imaginative idleness. The ink dried upon his pen. Some capricious association soon drew back his thoughts to himself. His eye dulled. His lips resumed their mingled expression of pride and voluptuousness. He started to find himself idle, remembered that he had left off the sheet with a broken sentence, without retaining even the concluding word, and with a sigh more of relief than vexation, he drew on his boots. Presto!—the world of which his penny-halfpenny inkstand was

the immortal centre—the world of heaven-born imagination—melted from about him! He stood in patent leather, human, handsome, and liable to debt!

"And thus fugitive and easy of decoy; thus compulsory, irresolute, and brief, is the unchastised toil of genius—the earning of 'the fancy-bread' of poets!

"It would be hard if a man who has 'made himself a name,' (beside being paternally christened,) should want one in a story—so, if you please, I will name my hero in the next sentence. Ernest Clay was dressed to walk to Marlborough street to apply for his 'guinea a page' in advance, and find out the concluding word of his MS., when there was heard a footman's rap at the street door. The baker on the ground-floor ran to pick up his penny loaves jarred from the shelves by the tremendous rat-a-tat-tat, and the maid ran herself out of her shoes to inform Mr. Clay that Lady Mildred—wished to speak with him. Neither maid nor baker were displeased at being put to inconvenience, nor was the baker's hysterical mother disposed to murmur at the outrageous clatter which shattered her nerves for a week. There is a spell to a Londoner in a coroneted carriage which changes the noise and the impudence of the unwhipped varlets who ride behind it into music and condescension.

"You were going out," said Lady Mildred, "can I take you anywhere?"

"You can take me," said Clay, spreading out his hands in an attitude of surrender, "when and where you please; but I was going to my publisher's."

"The chariot steps rattled down, and his foot was on the crimson carpet, when a plain family-carriage suddenly turned out of Grosvenor Square, and pulled up as near his own door as the obstruction permitted."

Both the carriages, the coroneted chariot and the plain coach "out of Grosvenor Square," contain ladies who are wildly in love with the celebrated writer for the *Magazines*. He is smitten by the chariot; he has offered marriage to the family coach; which of the two vehicles shall carry him off? The rival owners appear in presence, (at Mrs. Rothschild's ball!) and after a slight contest between vice and virtue, the well-principled young man of genius finishes the evening by running away with the coronet to a beautiful retreat in Devonshire, leaving his bride-elect to wear the willow. This may be considered as Volume I. of the "Heart-book." Who would not be interested in reading the secrets of such a heart—who would not pardon its poetic vagaries?

In Volume II. the "Free Pencil" seeing in the newspapers the marriage of an old flame, merely in joke writes the lady a letter so thrilling, tender, and impassioned, that she awakens for the first time to a sense of her exquisite beauty, and becomes a coquette forever after. The "Free Pencil" meets with her at Naples; is there kissed by her in public; crowned by her hand, and proclaimed by her beautiful lips the prince of poets; and as the lady is married, he, as a matter of ordinary gallantry, of course wished to push his advantages further. But here (and almost for the only time) he is altogether checked in his advances, and made to see that the sovereign power of beauty is even paramount to that of "free penciling" in the genteel world. By way of episode, a

story is introduced of a young woman who dies of love for the poet, (having met him at several balls in London.) He consoles her by marrying her on her death-bed. In Volume III., the Free Pencil recovers his first love, whom he left behind in the shawl-room at Mrs. Rothschild's Ball, and who has been pining and waiting for him ever since. The constancy of the beautiful young creature is rewarded, and she becomes the wife of the highly-gifted young man.

Such briefly is the plot of a tale, purporting to be drawn from English life and manners; and wondering readers may judge how like the portrait is to the original; how faithfully the habits of our society are depicted; how magazine writers are the rulers of fashion in England; how maids, wives, and widows, are never tired of running away with them. But who can appreciate the powers of description adorning this likely story; or the high-toned benevolence and morality with which the author invests his hero? These points can only be judged of by a perusal of the book itself. Then, indeed, will new beauties arise to the reader's perception. As, in St. Peter's, you do not at first appreciate the beautiful details, so it is with Mr. Willis' masterpiece. But let us, for present recreation, make one or two brief extracts—

A lady arriving at a tea-party.—"Quietly, but with a step as elastic as the nod of a water-lily, Lady Mildred glided into the room, and the high tones and unharmonized voices of the different groups suddenly ceased, and were succeeded by a low and sustained murmur of admiration. A white dress of faultless freshness of fold, a snowy turban, from which hung on either temple a cluster of crimson camelias still wet with the night-dew; long raven curls of undisturbed grace falling on shoulders of *that undecipherable and demy coolness which follows a morning bath (!)* giving the skin the texture and the opaque whiteness of the lily; the lips and skin redolent of the repose and purity, and the downcast but wakeful eye so expressive of recent solitude, and so peculiar to one who has not spoken since she slept—these were attractions which, in contrast with the paled glories around, elevated Lady Mildred at once into the predominant star of the night."

What a discovery regarding the qualities of the "morning bath"—how *naïvely* does the "nobleman of nature" recommend the use of that rare cosmetic! Here follows a description of the triumphs of a "Free Penciller!"—

"We are in one of the most fashionable houses in May Fair. * * * On the heels of Ernest, and named with the next breath of the menial's lips, came the bearer of a title laden with the emblazoned honors of descent. Had he entered a hall of statuary, he could not have been less regarded. All eyes were on the pale forehead and calm lips that had entered before him; and the blood of the warrior who made the name, and of the statesmen and nobles who had borne it, and the accumulated honor and renown of centuries of unsullied distinctions—all these concentrated glories in the midst of the most polished and discriminating circle on earth, paled before the lamp of yesterday, burning in the eye of genius. Where is distinction felt? In secret, amidst splendor? No! In the street and the vulgar gaze? No! In the bosom of love! *She* only remembers it. Where, then, is the intoxicating cup of homage—the delirious draught for which brain, soul, and nerve are tasked, tortured, and spent—where is it

lifted to the lips? The answer brings me back. Eyes shining from amid jewels, voices softened with gentle breeding, smiles awakening beneath costly lamps—an atmosphere of perfume, splendor and courtesy—these form the poet's Hebe, and the hero's Ganymede. These pour for ambition the draught that slakes his fever—these hold the cup to lips, drinking eagerly, that would turn away, in solitude, from the ambrosia of the gods.

"Clay's walk through the sumptuous rooms was like a Roman triumph. He was borne on from lip to lip—those before him anticipating his greeting, and those he left still sending their bright and kind words after him."

We shall next notice a wonderful history of foreign life, containing the development of a most wonderful idiosyncrasy. It is that of an author—our "Free Penciller!" His life is but a sleeping and forgetting—the new soul that rises in him has had elsewhere its setting, and cometh again from afar. He has not only a Pythagorean belief, but sometimes a consciousness of his previous existence, or existences—nay, he has not only a consciousness of having lived formerly, but often believes that he is living somewhere else, as well as at the place where at the present moment he may be. In a word, he is often conscious of being *two gentlemen at once*;—a miraculous *égarement* of the intellect described in the following manner:—

"Walking in a crowded street, for example, in perfect health, with every faculty gaily alive, I suddenly lose the sense of neighborhood. I see—I hear—but I feel as if I had become invisible where I stand, and was, at the same time, present and visible elsewhere. I know everything that passes around me, but I seem disconnected, and (magnetically speaking) unlinked from the human beings near. If spoken to at such a moment, I answer with difficulty. The person who speaks seems addressing me from a world to which I no longer belong. At the same time, I have an irresistible inner consciousness of being present in another scene of every-day life—where there are streets, and houses, and people—where I am looked on without surprise as a familiar object—where I have cares, fears, objects to attain—a different scene altogether, and a different life from the scene and life of which I was a moment before conscious. I have a dull ache at the back of my eyes for the minute or two that this trance lasts, and then slowly and reluctantly my absent soul seems creeping back, the magnetic links of conscious neighborhood, and one by one, reattach, and I resume my ordinary life, but with an irrepressible feeling of sadness. It is in vain that I try to fix these shadows as they recede. I have struggled a thousand times in vain to particularize and note down what I saw in the strange city to which I was translated. The memory glides from my grasp with preternatural easiness."

This awakening to a sense of previous existence is thus further detailed. "*The death of a lady in a foreign land*," says Mr. Willis, "leaves me at liberty to narrate the circumstances which follow." Death has unsealed his lips; and he may now tell, that in a previous state of existence he was in love with the beautiful Margaret, Baroness R——, when he was not the present "free penciller," but Rodolph Isenberg, a young artist of Vienna. Travelling in Styria, Rodolph was taken to a *soirée* at Gratz, in the house of a "certain lady of consequence there," by "a very courteous and well-bred person, a gentleman of Gratz," with

whom Mr. Willis had made acquaintance in the *coupé* of a diligence. No sooner was he at the *soirée* than he found himself on the balcony talking to a "very quiet young lady," with whom he "discoursed away for half-an-hour very unreservedly," before he discovered that a third person, "a tall lady of very stately presence, and with the remains of remarkable beauty," was earnestly listening to their conversation, *with her hand upon her side, in an attitude of repressed emotion.* On this, the conversation "languished;" and the other lady, his companion, rose, and took his arm to walk through the rooms. But he had not escaped the notice of the elder lady.

"Later in the evening," says he, my friend came in search of me to the supper room. '*Mon ami!*' he said, 'a great honor has fallen out of the sky for you. I am sent to bring you to the *beau-reste* of the handsomest woman of Styria—Margaret, Baroness R—, whose château I pointed out to you in the gold light of yesterday's sunset. She wishes to know you—*why*, I cannot wholly divine—for it is the first sign of ordinary feeling that she has given in twenty years. But she seems agitated, and sits alone in the countess' boudoir. *Allons-y!*' As we made our way through the crowd, he hastily sketched me an outline of the lady's history; 'At seventeen, taken from a convent for a forced marriage with the baron whose name she bears; at eighteen a widow, and, for the first time, in love—the subject of her passion a young artist of Vienna on his way to Italy. The artist died at her château—they were to have been married—she has ever since worn weeds for him. And the remainder you must imagine—for here we are!' The baroness leaned with her elbow upon a small table of *or-moulu*, and her position was so taken that I seated myself necessarily in a strong light, while her features were in shadow. Still the light was sufficient to show me the expression of her countenance. She was a woman apparently about forty-five, of noble physiognomy, and a peculiar fulness of the eyelids—something like to which I thought I remembered to have seen in a portrait of a young girl, many years before. The resemblance troubled me somewhat. 'You will pardon me this freedom,' said the baroness, with forced composure, 'when I tell you that—a friend—whom I have mourned twenty-five years—seems present to me when you speak.' I was silent, for I knew not what to say. The baroness shaded her eyes with her hand, and sat silent for a few moments, gazing at me. 'You are not like him in a single feature,' she resumed, 'yet the expression of your face, strangely, very strangely, is the same. He was darker—slighter.' 'Of my age?' I enquired, to break my own silence. For there was something in her voice which gave me the sensation of a voice heard in a dream. 'O God! that voice! that voice!' she exclaimed wildly, burying her face in her hands, and giving way to a passionate burst of tears. 'Rodolph,' she resumed, recovering herself with a strong effort, 'Rodolph died with the promise on his lips that death should not divide us. And I have seen him! Not in dreams—not in reverie. Not at times when my fancy could delude me. I have seen him suddenly before me in the street—in Vienna—here—at home at noonday—for minutes together, gazing on me. It is more in latter years that I have been visited by him; and a hope has latterly sprung into being in my heart—I know not how—that in person, palpable and breathing,

I should again hold converse with him—fold him living to my bosom. Pardon me! You will think me mad!' I might well pardon her; for as she talked, a vague sense of familiarity with her voice, a memory, powerful, though indistinct, of having before dwelt on those majestic features, an impulse of tearful passionateness to rush to her embrace, wellnigh overpowered me. She turned to me again. 'You are an artist?' she said, enquiringly. 'No; though intended for one, I believe, by nature.' 'And you were born in the year —?' 'I was!' With a scream she added the day of my birth, and, waiting an instant for my assent, dropped to the floor, and clung convulsively and weeping to my knees. 'Rodolph! Rodolph!' she murmured faintly, as her long grey tresses fell over her shoulders, and her head dropped insensibly upon her breast. Her cry had been heard, and several persons entered the room. I rushed out of doors. I had need to be in darkness and alone.

"It was an hour after midnight when I reëntered my hotel. A *chasseur* stood sentry at the door of my apartment with a letter in his hand. He called me by name, gave me his missive, and disappeared. It was from the baroness, and ran thus:—

"You did not retire from me to sleep. This letter will find you waking. And I must write, for my heart and brain are overflowing.

"Shall I write to you as a stranger?—you whom I have strained so often to my bosom—you whom I have loved and still love with the utmost idolatry of mortal passion—you who have once given me the soul that, like a gem long lost, is found again, but in a newer casket! Mine still—for did we not swear to love forever!

"But I am taking counsel of my own heart only. You may still be unconvinced. You may think that a few singular coincidences have driven me mad. You may think that though born in the same hour that my Rodolph died, possessing the same voice, the same countenance, the same gifts—though by irresistible consciousness I *know* you to be *him*—my lost lover returned in another body to life—you may still think the evidence incomplete—you may, perhaps, even now, be smiling in pity at my delusion. Indulge me one moment.

"The Rodolph Isenberg whom I lost possessed a faculty of mind, which, if you are he, answers with the voice of an angel to my appeal. In that soul resided, and wherever it be, must *now* reside the singular power.

"[The reader must be content with my omission of this fragment of the letter. It contained a secret never before clothed in language—a secret that will die with me, unless betrayed by what indeed it may lead to—madness! As I saw it in writing—defined accurately and inevitably in the words of another—I felt as if the innermost chamber of my soul was suddenly laid open to the day—I abandoned doubt—I answered to the name by which she called me—I believed in the previous existence of which my whole life, no less than these extraordinary circumstances, had furnished me with repeated evidence. But to resume the letter.]

"And now that we know each other again—now that I can call you by name, as in the past, and be sure that your inmost consciousness must reply—a new terror seizes me! Your soul comes back, youthfully and newly clad, while mine, though of unfading freshness and youthfulness

within, shows to your eye the same outer garment, grown dull with mourning, and faded with the wear of time. Am I grown distasteful? Is it with the sight only of this new body that you look upon me? Rodolph!—spirit that was my devoted and passionate admirer! soul that was sworn to me forever!—Am I—the same Margaret, refound and recognized—grown repulsive? O God! what a bitter answer would this be to my prayers for your return to me!

“I will trust in Him whose benign goodness smiles upon fidelity in love. I will prepare a fitter meeting for two who parted as lovers. You shall not see me again in the house of a stranger, and in a mourning attire. When this letter is written, I will depart at once for the scene of our love. I hear my horses already in the court-yard, and while you read this I am speeding swiftly home. The bridal dress you were secretly shown the day before death came between us is still freshly kept. The room where we sat—the bowers by the stream—the walks where we projected our sweet promise of a future—they shall all be made ready. They shall be as they were! And I—O Rodolph! I shall be the same. My heart is not grown old, Rodolph! Believe me, I am unchanged in soul! And I will strive to be—I will strive to look—God help me to look and be—as of yore!”

“Farewell now! I leave horses and servants to wait on you till I send to bring you to me. Alas, for any delay! but we will pass this life and all other time together. We have seen that a vow of eternal union may be kept—that death cannot divide those who *will* to love forever! Farewell now!

MARGARET.”

Such are the pictures of European society which this Free Penciller has sketched. Of the truth of his descriptions of his own country and countrymen, it is not for us to speak. We shall only mention, that, in characterising them, he remarks that they are much more French than English in many of their qualities. “They are,” says he, “in dressing, dancing, *congregating*, in chivalry to women, facility of adaptation to new circumstances, *elasticity of recuperation from trouble*,” (a most delicious expression!) “in complexion and figure, very French!” Had the “Dashes” been the work of a native genius, we might have hinted, perhaps, some slight occasional objections, pointed out a very few blunders, questioned, very diffidently, the great modesty of some statements, and the truth and accuracy of others. But, as the case stands, we feel that we are bound to excuse much to a young “republican visiting a monarchical country for the first time.”

FUSION OF POLITICS AND PARTIES.

PUBLIC questions have two stages of progress—their principle and practice. It is the first that is most scrutinized, the longest battled, and most reluctantly admitted. When the equity of a measure has been conceded, its practical execution cannot be long delayed. It has become a consideration of time only—of the best mode of removing vested obstructions—of allaying prejudices—compromising invaded or menaced interests—and, as all have been brought to concur in the justice of the end sought, means are speedily devised for surmounting these initiative impediments.

All great questions have passed through this ordeal. Years were spent in debating the principle of the Test Acts, of Catholic Disabilities, and of Parliamentary Reform, and then, when this had been established—when practice followed theory—men were surprised at the easiness of the transition and the paucity of results. No great change was induced, no great social revolution initiated. Power was not essentially disturbed in its balance; little was gained and little lost by anybody; and the main pillars of the state—the church, the crown, and the peerage—stood immovable as ever.

Almost the last great debatable question on the file is the Corn-laws, and this, too, is *booked*, and speeding rapidly to its terminus. What then? Will the farmer be ruined, and the rental of the soil sequestrated, and the English laborer luxuriate on wheaten bread at Polish prices? Nothing of all this will follow. Mark-lane will be governed by the quantity of home produce, not by Odessa or Dantzic prices; nor will British husbandry, or landlords' incomes be much more disturbed by the importation of foreign corn than foreign cattle. But a great public good will have been effected by the removal of a stumbling-block to the nation's peace and progress. Agriculture, for one thing, will be more assured of its future prospects and unchangeable conditions; the great principle of free-trade will have been practically carried out for the guidance of a watchful and envious world; and, lastly, a source of domestic irritation, jealousy, and heart-burning extinguished between the two great branches of national industry.

For our parts, we begin to be staggered, if not alarmed, at the rapid march of justice and philosophical truth. Physically and politically, by railroads and reason, men are becoming homogeneous—of one mass and one mind. A Catholic unity of spirit stalks abroad in seculars, if not spirituals, that threatens a revolution in occupations; for what will there be to write, debate, or harangue concerning, if all great principles are settled, conceded, and acted upon? No public meetings—no clubs—no associations, rent, or subscriptions will be needed. The patriot, agitator, leaguer, and would-be martyr-trade will be gone. No more “cakes and ale” for any of them. We tremble at the prospect of the world's righteousness, at the coming canker of the peaceful earth.

Seriously one cannot help being impressed by the existing aspects of politics and parties. Not an openly hostile banner can anywhere be seen unfurled. By the concession of Corn-law repeal, almost the last apple of political discord would be abstracted; whig and tory distinctions must cease in name as well as reality, and Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel become one and indivisible in sentiment, if not in place.—*Atlas*, Nov. 1.

NEW UNIVERSITY MOVEMENT.—An influential body of noblemen and gentlemen, among whom are Lords Ashley, Sandon, and R. Grosvenor, Sir T. D. Acland, Bart.; Messrs Gladstone, Glynne, Vernon Smith, M. P., and others, are about to memorialize the authorities of Oxford and Cambridge, suggesting additional departments to the existing colleges, or the foundation of new collegiate bodies, to provide increased facilities of university education on a more economical scale than has hitherto prevailed.—*Church and State Gazette*.

From the Atlas.

PROTESTANTISM IN IRELAND.

It is difficult to decide whether the strength or weakness of Protestantism in Ireland presents the most formidable obstacle to the establishment of good government and religious equality. Although the Protestants constitute but a small minority of the Irish people, they derive from various sources a moral and social influence which, to a considerable extent, compensates for this numerical inferiority. The rank and wealth of Ireland are chiefly Protestant, and Protestantism finds its most earnest supporters among those classes of the community which give the tone to society and public opinion. This has been the natural result of Protestant ascendancy; for all who were ambitious of office or social consideration adhered to or embraced that religious faith, without the profession of which they could never hope to obtain the distinctions which the great majority of men chiefly prize. Thus, in the public offices, and in the higher professions, the Protestants occupy that portion which, in a rightly-constituted state of affairs, the Catholics would naturally have filled. But the chief strength of Protestantism is to be found in the courage, energy, and moral stamina of those who are its most disinterested, as well as most zealous, partisans. It is upon the sturdy yeomanry of Ulster that, in the hour of danger or of conflict, the Protestant cause most chiefly depends for its security and existence. The spirit manifested by the mass of Orangemen is little to be commended; but it is impossible not to admire the unshaken resolution with which they adhere to their ancient principles, and the proud defiance with which they meet the hostility of their former friends, and the insidious advances of their old enemies. Inspired by the recollection of past triumphs, and still deeming themselves invincible, Orangemen cannot discover the justice or necessity of those concessions which have become necessary for the peace and prosperity of Ireland. Any attempt to remove the ecclesiastical anomalies of Ireland is sure to meet with the fiercest opposition from Irish Protestants—an opposition rendered the more formidable that it meets with a ready echo from a considerable portion of the English people. The reorganization of the Orange confederacy under a more legal form is, therefore, an event full of embarrassment for Sir R. Peel, and of evil omen for the best interests of Ireland.

But while the strength of Irish Protestantism impedes for the time the success of a liberal Irish policy, it is the inherent feebleness of that Protestantism which renders it so difficult to legislate for, and govern, Ireland. In spite of all their vauntings, Irish Protestants feel no real confidence in their own strength; but are continually haunted with the fear of a Catholic reaction and a Catholic triumph. They regard themselves as a garrison in an enemy's country, deeming every concession to Roman Catholics a breach made in the walls of that fortress which alone protects them from the vengeance of injured and implacable foes. It is this sense of insecurity, even more than the pride of a long privileged class, or the bigotry of a religious sect, which combines Protestants of all ranks and of varying creeds in a phalanx of determined hostility to any plan for the endowment and state recognition of the Irish Catholic church. Nothing can convince them that that church does not entertain the settled design of regaining its ancient as-

sendancy, and of establishing its undisputed dominion throughout all parts of Ireland. It is their firm belief in the existence of such a design which, in spite of all their waywardness and folly, renders the Orangemen deaf to the fair speeches of O'Connell when he attempts to persuade them that, as Protestants, they have nothing to fear from the dissolution of the Union. In their eyes the Repeal agitation is only a deep-laid plan for the aggrandizement of the Catholic church, and the Peel policy an invidious attempt to confer upon that church all the advantages which it anticipates from the repeal of the Union. It is in vain to point out to them that the most respectable portion of the Catholic church holds aloof from the Repeal movement, and that the professed design of the Peel policy is to strengthen the Protestant establishment by removing Catholic discontent;—in both circumstances they discern only a jesuitical attempt to blind them to the reality of those dangers which threaten their religious faith and liberties. They have convinced themselves that the Irish establishment is the external bulwark of Protestantism, against which all the craft and power of Catholicism are combined, and this conviction they have been able to communicate to no small portion of the British people. Their constant appeals to the Protestant feeling of England are founded upon, and owe their chief success to, the fact that in Ireland the Protestants are a feeble minority, utterly unable to contend with the Catholic mass of the nation.

It is easy to deride such fears and opinions, but they exercise an extensive influence, and oppose a serious obstacle to the adoption of an enlightened Irish ecclesiastical policy. Nor can it be even fairly denied that, in Ireland, the relative positions of Catholics and Protestants are such as naturally to excite in the former, the hope, and in the latter, the dread, of Catholic ascendancy. The Irish Catholic church possesses an extent of popular influence, which, in ordinary circumstances, would secure to it a preëminence unfavorable to the interests, not to say the security, of all other religious sects. It is doing no injustice to the more zealous members of the Catholic priesthood to believe that, in supporting Repeal, they look forward to that ecclesiastical supremacy which, in one form or another, is an object of eager ambition to every clerical corporation. In England and other countries, Catholic as well as Protestant, the connexion between church and state, is of such a nature, as to enable the latter to keep in check the constant tendency of the former to pursue its sectarian objects, even at the expense of the general interests. But in the exciting condition of Ireland, no such connexion between the state and the Catholic church can be established. No advantage which the state can offer to that church will induce it to endanger its spiritual independence, or its popular ascendancy. In Ireland, therefore, the substitution of the Catholic church for the Protestant establishment, would call into existence that most formidable engine of priestly power—a state church, exercising an unbounded spiritual influence over the mass of the people. With such a church, civil, still less religious liberty, can scarcely exist. In anticipating the establishment of such a church, Protestants may stand excused if they tremble for their security, neglected as they would then be by the state, and regarded with suspicion and dislike by the great majority of the people.*

[* Would a division of Ireland into separate portions, like the States here, make it more manageable?—LIVING AGE.]

In such circumstances, the scheme of a general endowment extended to all religious sects willing to accept of it, seems to be the most safe and practicable course of ecclesiastical policy which can now be adopted in Ireland. Such a scheme would establish substantial religious equality, while it would afford to the state some security that the religious instructors of the people would be men of competent education, and placed in circumstances exempting them from the necessity of ministering to popular passions and prejudices. Under such a scheme, all sects regarding the state as their common protector and benefactor, might be expected to exhibit less intolerance towards each other, and to prosecute their separate objects without that bitterness of animosity, which now so much interferes with the peace and prosperity of Ireland. The Protestant establishment would, indeed, lose something of its dignity and preëminence, but it would obtain, in return, greater security, and what it now wants, the power of self-government. In the substantial advantages resulting from state recognition and endowment, the Catholic church would receive an ample compensation for the relinquishment of any hope of religious ascendancy, in which it may have hitherto indulged. So far as Protestant dissenters are concerned, this plan of general endowment has been already tried in Ireland, and the result of the experiment has been such as greatly to encourage its extension and general application. In respectability of attainment and character, the Presbyterian clergy of Ulster yield to no religious body, established or unestablished, and in their hearty attachment to the state, even the microscopic eye of sectarian bigotry cannot discover any mark of selfish meanness, or erastian subservency. From them the state demands no services in return for its favors, and by doing so, secures that which is above all price, the free support of enlightened men, whose position and principles render them the natural allies of good order and good government. There can be little doubt, that a free endowment would be equally beneficial in the case of Roman Catholics, or any other religious sect; and every consideration seems now to suggest the wisdom and necessity of carrying out a system so little objectionable in itself, and likely to be productive of such important benefits.

This scheme of general endowment is, indeed, bitterly opposed by Irish ultra-Protestants, but their opposition results from their ignorance of the real position in which they are now placed. In conjunction with their English allies, they may think themselves capable of doing much, but there is one which they cannot accomplish—they cannot avert the doom which public opinion has pronounced against Irish Protestant ascendancy in any form and under any modification. Enlightened men, of all parties, now perceive, that the continuance of that ascendancy must render it impossible to govern Ireland, and this opinion is rapidly extending itself among the middle classes of the English people. The anti-Maynooth agitation was fierce and formidable, but it has died away, leaving little trace behind, and that little, anything but favorable to the stability of the Irish establishment. Every circumstance which brings the condition of that establishment under public view is injurious to it, for its claims are alike repugnant to good policy, and English love of fair dealing. Irish Protestants possess a considerable hold upon English Protestant feeling, and by appealing to it, may do much for their own security, but they will alienate their

honest friends, and ruin their own cause by persisting in claims which cannot stand the test of a fair and calm hearing. Protestantism in Ireland, while it remains an obstacle to the good government and improvement of that country, must be weak and insecure; it is only by submitting to changes, which time has rendered inevitable, that it can acquire real strength and stability.

THE CORN AND THE CHAFF.

GREAT has been the outcry against the *Times* for piercing before its full time of nothingless the bubble portion of railway speculation. Let us then examine dispassionately the bearings of the case, and separate, as far as we are able, the dross from the pure metal.

Some ten months ago money was superabundant in the market. Those who could get their two to two and a half per cent. upon good security considered themselves lucky. All at once it struck some clever man of business that, as the Great Western, the London and Birmingham, and the other good lines then formed were paying a large per centage, a new line would be a taking project. Accordingly, a company was formed, the prospectus issued, and the first twig from the old flourishing branch made its appearance. The new offshoot was seized upon with avidity, and as project after project came forth, floating capital was eagerly poured into the several companies' hands, the lucky scripholders sold at premiums, and all for awhile was healthy and promising.

This state of things might have continued, and no harm would have arisen; but men of easy virtue and light consciences, seeing how things were going, took advantage of the tide of public taste, got up lines in all parts—no matter what the engineering difficulties—no matter what the line of country—till sober investment became infatuation. People rushed to invest without even casually looking over the map of the line, and while the monied half of the people bought because they imagined they would eventually reap a golden harvest, the other poorer half sold for the sake of the premium; thus one portion of the community raised a fictitious premium, which the other pocketed. Even in this there was little to apprehend. *Peter paid Paul*, and one gained what the other lost: but infatuation now became a sort of moral drunkenness. Look at it as we may, the whole nation was gambling. There was a universal game being played where ties paid the stock exchange, as ties pay the dealer at *vingt-et-un*. The dice-box was rattling in everybody's ears, scrip was the theme of every man's conversation, and procuring shares the object of every man's pursuit. Still the men of "easy virtue" kept pouring into the field of action, and a new evil arose. Companies were formed, and, previous to the allotments taking place, the market was what is technically called "rigged"—that is, a broker was commissioned by the company to purchase, say 10,000 shares, at two or three pounds premium. The public soon discerned this golden bait, and then came the tug to procure letters of allotment. In such cases, when the shares had thus obtained an unreal value—because excess of buyers alone make the genuine premium—the public procured very few shares, but in many cases hardly any. The directors and the directors' friends got them all, or nearly all, scrip became scarce in the market, the public bought, expecting

a further rise; but when the proper period arrived the directors and their friends by ones and twos crept into the market, sold their shares, depressed their value, and those not in the secret found themselves large losers by the transaction. We know for a fact—and we are hesitating whether we ought not to name the line—of a company whose directors had the market “rigged” in the manner we have described, and when they met at their board, agreed amongst themselves not to sell a single share till the market should rise. Three of the directors, however, regardless of their word and the moral obligation they were under, gave private orders to their brokers to sell to a very considerable amount. Their brother directors were left in the lurch, the shares, of course, fell, the unlucky purchasers amongst the public lost their money, and all because there was not honor amongst thieves.

Another dishonest—nay, swindling—method of making money has been adopted. The system was simply this. The concoctors of the scheme bought of the jobbers a large number of shares, and when the original shareholders came to sign the deeds and procure scrip, excuses were made that the deeds were in the country, and would not be up till a certain day. When the day came no scrip was ready then. Thus those who had sold, having no scrip to deliver, were compelled to buy it of the few in the secret at a large premium; and at last, when the market was at a low ebb from these facts peeping out, then, and then only, was the scrip to be obtained. Thus fresh dishonesty still inflated the expanding bubble with all its gaudy prismatic colors floating so buoyantly about. Dishonest transactions still accumulated. Many projects were started never intended to go to Parliament; and when the solicitors, the secretaries, and the directors had all been properly taken care of, the shareholders would get back perhaps a portion of their money, more or less, according to the dimensions of the promoters' consciences. Another great evil, also, has been the improper manner in which the letters of allotments have been issued. Men of capital and standing in the world who have requested shares, have found their applications unheeded, and perhaps the very clerks in their office have been successful through interest. We know of one case where men of capital were neglected, and a bootmaker in a small way of business received shares—that, too, when they were at five pounds premium. Indeed, the line in which this occurred has become a marked object for animadversion, in consequence of the improper method of allotting shares; and, strangely enough, the direction is highly respectable, and the line a most important one. Respecting this, however, we have yet facts to relate on another occasion. All these evils and dishonest practices could not, however, long continue without producing a large amount of evil.

Dishonesty cannot, from the peculiar nature of its dissevering tendency, continue long successful. Integrity in the moral world is what in science is termed the attraction of cohesion. Without its cementing properties no scheme can answer, no purpose succeed. And here, in a vast national undertaking, in which the interests of the whole community are concerned, does trickery and charlatanism form a conspicuous part, in which lie the very elements of destruction.

Such being the case, we come to the gist of our arguments—that the late chicken panic, as it is

called, will do good instead of harm. The Bank of England by raising its discounts, and the *Times* by its leading articles, have pierced the *soufflé* and shown the frothiness of its material. We regard genuine railway schemes as one of the great features of the age. Railways projected in integrity, carefully carried through their several stages to Parliament, properly digested before competent committees, and formed with proper engineering skill, will be of incalculable benefit to the country. They will circulate money, give an impetus to trade in all its branches; and eventually, by establishing quick communication, increase the intelligence of the whole people. How necessary is it, then, to sift the corn from the chaff. To chase those lines founded in knavery or ignorance from the market, to make room for the *bonâ fide* and well-conducted projects. To skim the scum from the surface, and leave the current pure which is to flow through the whole nation. This good we believe will result from the labors of the *Times* to put down the spirit of sheer gambling which has been abroad.

Men of capital should now choose their lines and invest their money. Many shares may now be bought at a small premium, or even at a discount, which we have no doubt will rise greatly in a month or two, when the sifting process has been thoroughly adopted. There are several new lines also about to appear which merit every support, and we hope yet to see every good railway scheme soberly and strenuously supported, while we trust every dishonest project will be scouted from the market forever.—*Atlas*, Nov. 1.

A POTATO-FED PEOPLE.

A SEVERE and widely-spread physical visitation threatens practically to illustrate an important social principle. Enlightened political economists have long inculcated the prospective utility of the mass of every population maintaining a high standard in their wages, diet, clothing, and habitations. Men ought never, if possible, to be driven up to their last resources; they ought always to have something to fall back upon—a reserved store to meet the changes of the seasons, the casualties of scarcity, health, and the fluctuations of trade and employment.

The need of this forecast is likely to be afflictively exemplified in the approaching winter by the disastrous calamity to which we have adverted. England with her wheat-fed community may find resources in her superior riches and granaries, or by taking corn out of bond, or importing it from abroad. But what is to become of poverty-stricken and potato-fed Ireland? Her famines have been frequent and mostly dreadful—and why? Because the national subsistence is based on one resource—upon a single root; and if that fail there is no other substitute to which the people can resort. With us it is different; if our staple sustenance is inadequate, we may be aided from abroad; but the potato-fed Irish, with wages to correspond, cannot buy from the foreigner; or, if they could, potatoes, unlike wheat, are too bulky a commodity to be imported in large quantities on an emergency. How much safer a nation, then, when bread, meat, and beer form the general diet of the laboring classes. Then there is scope for retrenchment in periods of failure. From wheat, the working-man may temporarily resort to inferior and cheaper food—to barley, oats, rye, or vegetables. He has

room to fall; but he who is habitually kept on the cheapest food is without a substitute when deprived of it. Laborers so placed are cut off from every refuge. You may take from an Englishman, but you cannot from an Irishman—no more than from a naked man. The latter is already in the lowest deep, and he can sink no lower; his wages being regulated by potatoes—the chief article of his subsistence—will not buy him wheat, or barley, or oats; and whenever, therefore, the supply of potatoes fails, he has no escape from absolute famine—unless he help himself, as the Irish have done in former scarcities, to nettles, seaweed, and sour sorrel—the last of which was found in the stomach of one poor creature who had perished of hunger!—*Atlas*.

LARGE CONCEITS: LITTLE WARS. SPEECHES
IN PARLIAMENT: SQUADRONS IN LA PLATA.

THERE was a time when the warrior duke, in his usual dry and decisive tone, made the public declaration that this great country could afford to engage in "no little wars." The whig ministry of that day took the rebuke somewhat to heart, flush as it then was with the triumph of Palmerston policy in the East, and the Syrian glories of Napier; for in "little wars" it must be owned, its dealings had not been unfrequent.

At length came in the tory statesmen, harbingers supposed of a new era, and of policy on a grander scale, whether for peace or war. Strange as it may seem, however, the "little wars" which were to disappear from the routine of Tory policy, as before denounced in its programme, have only accumulated on our hands. We have become very knights errant in fact, in quest of adventures in this smallware line, in which fighting made easy is the order of the day, with fleets of 74's against flotillas of river craft. Long pounders and ships of the line are long odds, it must be owned, against schooners and swivel guns. As the *gros bataillons* must, on an average, according to Napoleon, gain the day, so success seems certain where the reckoning beforehand is so simple.

"Little wars," therefore, may be regarded as a safe speculation, if neither glorious nor honorable. If the laurels to be gathered are none of the brightest, there is consolation in the absence, perchance, of any hard blows.

Now and then, indeed, the most prudential calculations aforethought are traversed by fortune in her freaks, and "little wars" are not always so secure a speculation as they appear. They answered, no doubt, on the shores of Guatemala and Peru, when, in the one case, Nicaragua was brought to pay a bill of parcels, surcharged with heavy costs, for mercantile damage inflicted somehow, as said, by a native upon an English dealer; in the other, a Peruvian prefect, with his adjoints, was displaced for some sort of incivility towards a British consular official or trader—after the expenditure of a certain amount of bluster and blockade. But in Madagascar and New Zealand they are not found to succeed so well. Before the redoubtable Heki and his anthropophagi, unfortunate settlers and gallant seamen at the Bay of Islands are driven into the sea, or find shelter from following foes only through the humane interference of American skippers and whaling crews. Rude discomfort has waited also on the first joint-stock essay in arms of the *entente cordiale*, on the eastern shores of Madagascar, where the invading trained

bands of England and France, were unable to withstand the fierce assaults of the dauntless Ovas. They sought refuge and found it only from hotly persecuting foes under cover of the guns, and on board the same vessels which had carried them on the ill-starred expedition.

This deplorable outset of the *entente cordiale* in its martial phase and offensive attitude, was ill calculated to inspire hope in its prospects, or faith in its duration. Nevertheless, *aut Cesar aut nihil*, if victory frowned on the plains of Tamatavi, she may relent in the estuary of La Plata; the Gauchos of the Pampas may not be so fierce and forward as the Ovas, descended from the mountainous Ankarto; Dictator Rosas may prove less rugged, and more yielding on pressure than the hard-hearted Ova virago, Queen Ranavalo. So, after long hesitations and many misgivings, the signal was given, the Rubicon was passed. Two special pacific envoys were sent to proclaim war upon Rosas, because that used to be a rule among civil and civilized states, and a squadron of men-of-war were despatched at the same time in order to re-conquer the peace just broken by the legates *ad hoc*. All the indispensable preliminaries being thus performed *en regle*, and with most amicable accord, Messrs. Ouseley and Diffandis, the two heralds at arms, took their departure from Buenos Ayres for Monte Video, upon which Messrs. Commanders Hotham and Laine, the two mailed messengers of peace, took quiet possession of the little flotilla of Buenos Ayres, which troubled the repose without stopping the supplies of the people of Monte Video.

Here we have a war and a capture to follow, like Roman punch upon turtle, *secundem artem*. "Thus far into the bowels of the Plate" have we progressed, may the foreign officials exclaim, without a single cause of war assigned to the people who are to pay the reckoning. We are told, indeed, that Rosas, "the bloody and devouring tyrant," is the mark. But are there no more Richards in the field? If Argentine Rosas be, as doubtless he is, savage and sanguinary, is perchance Rivera, the Oriental *carnicero*, with hands untainted of gore? The difference at best is but one of name for the victims of either. Rosas slaughters *salvajes unitarios*, and Rivera reciprocates, or provokes, as the case may be, with the butchery of the *Mazorqueros*. Take it on foreign-office showing, it is an internal warfare of horrors—a war of no quarter—as were the wars of the Roses in England aforetime. But are we charged to keep the peace and perform the police of the world, at our own cost too? Are England and France, appointed with Black Jack commission to sit in judgment on delinquent states, and the Jack Ketch to hang sovereign dictators, and presidents attainted of felony? In such case let us, if you please, begin at home. Against one member of this ambulating commission, at least, a bill of exceptions must be tendered. What think you of submitting France to the pains and penalties lawfully incurred by those Algerine *razzias*, and the wholesale suffocation of unresisting tribes of Arabs in their last retreat by fire and smoke, in comparison with which the enormities challenged against Rosas or Rivera, Paz or Lopez, seem discharged of much of their before unrelieved blackness.

Again, the question recurs—why are we with this "little war" in the River Plate; a "little war," by the bye, which may chance to grow into larger proportions! British subjects have been

murdered, British property has been damaged, British rights have been trampled on, by Rosas, is the explanation. Then, at least, let us have a list of the victims by name to nurse our ire and whet our vengeance with; or if a list at length tax patience too much, let us have a selection of some half-dozen, or even of a brace only, of decently attested cases. They are talked of by the hundred, so the task will not be difficult. Let us have, moreover, bills of particulars of British property plundered or injured, and of British rights invaded. With the extraordinary provocations to hatred and vengeance irreconcilable from such an accumulation of injuries, strange it is that so many hundreds of British residents at Buenos Ayres, from the highest to the lowest, are protesting indignantly, by formal address to Queen and Parliament, against the unjust and aggressive policy of the foreign-office; and, moreover, loudly proclaiming their grateful sense of the security to persons and property, and of the friendly regards at all times, for which they are all, and for the first time since the independence of Buenos Ayres have been, indebted alone to the government of that General Rosas so foully traduced in their own country.

Why, then, we repeat, are we vexed with this "little war" in the River Plate?—*Atlas*, Nov. 1.

OREGON—AMERICAN POLICY.

We cannot learn that anything has been done for the settlement of the Oregon question, though meantime the Americans are taking possession of it. They should be instructed that they do so at their own peril, as in the event of any adjustment of the dispute, they must be prepared to sacrifice the lands they have seized and cultured as their own. It argues a monstrous want of common sense and common principle on the part of two governments, kindred in language and origin, that this dispute should remain so long unsettled. The American correspondent of the *Times* observes:—

"I wish it was in my power to say that the president and his constitutional advisers are prepared to make any reasonable sacrifice to preserve the peace of the country; but it is not. I see no evidence of any such disposition. Mr. Polk appears to be cautiously feeling his way. He is evidently without system in regard to foreign affairs, and will probably remain in that state until Congress convenes. If south-western counsels prevail there will be no concession or compromise on the Oregon question. Nothing short of the 55th degree of latitude as the boundary will satisfy that class of politicians. If they find themselves in the majority, one of their first moves will be to abrogate the existing arrangement between Great Britain and the United States as to the joint occupancy of Oregon. But I still entertain a hope that this will not be done, unless it is done in a friendly way and with friendly views. It is certain that in the present state of public feeling in both countries great circumspection is necessary. No exciting or irritating measure should be adopted. The friends of peace and humanity should pour oil on the troubled waves of discord and contention. A sacrifice should be made of all false pride."

If by America the question should ever be put on the footing that she will have all she claims and nothing less, the matter will soon receive a decisive though not desirable solution. It is not

credible, however, that any American government will ever bring the argument to an issue that cannon and bayonet alone can decide. Negotiations conducted in an amicable spirit—with moderation on each part, and a sincere desire for a fair arrangement—could not fail to settle this question as easily as they settled the more difficult points involved in the Ashburton treaty.

It seems probable that another ground of dispute may be raised in America concerning the interference of France and England in the affairs of the River Plate. It is said that the policy of the European powers has been formally protested against by the United States Chargé d'Affaires at Buenos Ayres; and if we may judge by the language of the *Washington Union*, presumed to speak the sentiment of the cabinet, his course meets with the entire approval of the cabinet. The *Union* somewhat saucily observes:—

"It behoves the people of the United States to take these things into seasonable and serious consideration. Shall the people of the United States stand by and see unmoved the British-Asiatic policy acted over again among the independent republics of South America? Is Buenos Ayres to become as Madras, and Uruguay as Tanjore? If not, then at what point in its progress should this armed European interference in American affairs be made to encounter the deliberate and solemn protest of the people of the United States? It is impossible for them to behold such a spectacle without emotion. It is of high concernment to our most practical national interests that British and French influence and predominance on the banks of the La Plata should find an antagonist and a counterpoise in the public sentiment of this country. Our commercial stake in the region of that river is too great to permit us to see it sacrificed. It is of yet more vital concern to our avowed national policy to keep this continent safe and sacred from aggressive foreign dictation. We have not seen fit—neither we nor our South American neighbors—to come into that somewhat too famous balance of power system which in Europe has borne such fruits as the holy alliance and the congress of sovereigns at Laybach."

It would merely be to waste words to expose the folly of this tirade. It assumes, in effect, that the whole continent of America, North and South, belongs to the states, or at least is under their immediate protection, and that they will suffer no interference whatever with its affairs. "It is of vital concern to our avowed national policy to keep this continent safe and sacred from aggressive foreign dictation." This is well, so immediately after the seizure of Texas. It seems to be forgotten that Canada is still a possession of the British crown. The states government should know that it can only expose it to ridicule to assume in any shape—even through its organs of the press—that it is entitled to any general protectorate over the whole American continent, or to dictate to Europe what shall be its course of policy with the states, independent of the domination of the union.—*Britannia*.

From the *Britannia*, Nov. 1.

FRANCE AND CHINA.

A DESPERATE WAR is now going on between the French and English newspapers—the hostilities, however, being all on one side; the English papers generally acting in the national spirit; all whose tendencies are, to care little or nothing about for-

eigners, whether fierce or foolish, and to express their own conceptions of things, without considering for a moment whether they may not throw some French tailor into a frenzy, or inflame some scribbler into tearing off his moustaches by the handful. That the ministers on both sides have more sense, is nothing to the purpose of the French journalist. He must scribble, to live; and if he is to scribble so as to live, he must blow up the embers of national vanity, and proclaim "La France" the mistress of the globe.

China is now the theme. The French journalists have discovered (only, however, by favor of the English papers) that there is a great country called China, at the distance of about half the circumference of the globe, with which an English war has been followed by an English treaty, and whose ports have been opened to English commerce. By a stretch of generosity which no foreigner can ever comprehend, the English treaty included the opening of those ports to all nations; and the heroes of the Marais and the Boulevard, with every lock of their hair in a belligerent position, and every pen in hand, actually regard themselves as having "seen, fought, and conquered," and consider the national rights as intolerably compromised by the very conception of an English settlement in one of the thousand islands of the Chinese Archipelago. Chusan, which by our negotiator was at first apprehended to be pestilential, is now found to be healthy; while Hong-King, which was supposed to be little less than a Chinese Montpellier, is now acknowledged to be incurably unwholesome. Of course, if we are to have any trade with China, we must have a *depôt*, and, if a *depôt*, it should be one which does not "destroy a regiment within three years." The present object is, to obtain Chusan; of which we retain the possession only until the last instalment of the Chinese tribute shall be paid. That is now nearly at hand; and, of course, Chusan must revert to its Chinese master—there can be no question on that point. The treaty may have been foolish, as the event has shown it to be such—notwithstanding the services of plate lavished on the negotiator, who simply put his pen, to what the fleet and army had already gained by shot and shell. But its stipulations must be fulfilled. There is no greater national calamity than a national injustice; and the whole feeling of England would indignantly denounce any cabinet, which maintained by usurpation as a seizure, that which it could not maintain by justice as a dominion.

But is not this important island (if, after all, it be important,) to be obtained in more honest ways? Is it not to be purchased—or may it not be subject of some negotiation, for an equivalent in either trading privileges, or other territory. We even doubt its importance. We had a most flourishing trade with China, before any European ear had ever heard of Chusan—that trade, in tea alone, producing a profit of four millions sterling a year, and promising to extend from tea, which originally constituted its staple, to manufactures. It is true, that the trade was then under the direction of the India Company, and was regulated on principles of good faith. But, by the opening of the charter, a new scene was begun. The whole giddiness of speculation was turned on China, and opium began to be the ruling traffic. This was a traffic in poison. But avarice is the devil incarnate. The Chinese populace were ravenous for

the poison, and every ship which touched at a Chinese port was loaded with death. A report from the Chinese army stated, that sixteen thousand of their soldiers were paralyzed, and turned into utter idiots, by the sudden use of opium. Who can feel astonished at the indignation of any government thus invaded by a pestilence for sale, a plague smuggled into its harbors, a tremendous and spreading infliction of disease and misery, merely to fill the pockets of a sea-banditti with dollars! We must exonerate the Indian and the British government. This traffic was against their laws, and in defiance of their laws. It was carried on by a desperate race of adventurers, whom no laws could restrain, and whom, while their well-appointed and flying sloops evaded all English authority, the feeble guard-ships of the Chinese were wholly unable to encounter.

But, as we have before observed, the Chinese government put themselves in a false position. Instead of hanging the smugglers wherever they caught them, or making it death to carry the opium through the country, they attacked the English factory which was *not* Chinese territory; they seized the property in its warehouses, which was *not* responsible to Chinese laws; and they imprisoned British subjects, owing, of course, no allegiance to the Chinese throne. All this was as unquestionably an attack on England, as if a Chinese squadron had taken possession of Portsmouth. The war was a just war, and it was, therefore, a prosperous war. It was not like the treacherous attack on the Affghans; which was, therefore, punished by the heaviest shame and slaughter known in our Indian annals; nor like that equally uncleared-up invasion of Scinde, whose possession has hitherto been marked by nothing but the melancholy loss of lives, and of whose abandonment we should rejoice to hear.

But, if the French are intriguing to get Chusan, there seems no possible reason, why England should not remonstrate in the strongest language against suffering such a transfer. If the Chinese can afford to part with it at all, the right of pre-emption is palpably ours. The French can have no real interest in such a possession, except as an annoyance to England. They drink no tea, they have no manufactures which the Chinese will take; their pendules and Parisian millinery are not among the necessities of life on the borders of the Yellow Sea; and it ought to be made an ultimatum with the Chinese government, that at least no rival power shall be suffered to interfere, for the mere purpose of realizing the fable of the dog in the manger.

PAWNING MONEY.—In one of the letters of the Irish correspondent of the *Times*, we find the following singular statement:—"In Galway I was assured that so little do the people know the commercial value of money, they are constantly in the habit of *pawning* it. I was so incredulous of this that the gentleman who informed me wished me to go with him to any pawnbroker to assure myself of the fact; and I went with him and another gentleman to a pawnbroker's shop kept by Mr. Murray, in Galway. On asking the question, the shopman said it was quite a common thing to have money pawned, and he produced a drawer containing a 10*l.* Bank of Ireland note, pawned six months ago for 10*s.*; a 30*s.* note of the National Bank, pawned for 10*s.*; a 30*s.* Bank of

Ireland note, pawned for 1s.; a 1l. Provincial Bank-note, pawned for 6s.; and a guinea in gold, of the reign of George III., pawned for 15s. two months ago. Anything more childishly ignorant and absurd than this it is scarcely possible to conceive. The 10l. bank-note would produce 6s. 6d. interest in the year if put into the savings'-bank; whilst the owner who pledged it for 10s. will have to pay 2s. 6d. a year for the 10s., and lose the interest on his 10l.; in other words, he will pay 90 per cent. through ignorance, for the use of 10s., which he might have for nothing, and realize besides some 5s. or 6s. for the use of his 9l. 10s. Mr. Murray told me that often money was sold as a forfeited pledge; that a man would pawn a guinea for 15s., keep it in pledge till the interest amounted to 3s. or 4s., and then refuse to redeem it. Anything which will teach people the use of money, and prevent them wasting their substance in this absurd way, must benefit them. Like children, however, they require protection, and it would be the greatest boon to them for the legislature to stringently enforce the usury laws, and prevent the more knowing amongst them robbing and imposing on their poorer and more ignorant neighbors."

From Punch's Pocket Book, 1846.

THE OPERA OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

INSPIRED by a desire to promote domestic harmony, we have written a libretto for a family opera. The business of the piece is what, in most families, constitutes the business of the day—eating and drinking. Each meal is an act; and it is in order to make such acts go off well in domestic circles generally, that we have determined on publishing the first of our above-mentioned opera, by way of a model for imitation. For this purpose we thought one act or meal enough; and any one meal, if enough, is as good as a feast. We beg to say that we consider our libretto an improvement, in a literary point of view, on libretti in general.

ACT I. BREAKFAST.

SCENE, any given Parlor.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, any respectable Family.

RECITATIVE. *Lady of the House.*

Good gracious me! 't is nearly nine o'clock
As usual!—No one down yet but myself;
Not to lose time, I'd better make the tea.

[*Makes Tea.*]

SOLO. *Allegro.*

Let your kettle of water be boiling hot;—
Learn, good housewives, a lesson of me;—
A spoonful apiece, and one more for the pot;
That's the right method of making tea.

Enter Family.

SOLO and CHORUS.

Lady. Lazy creatures! here you are.

Family. We 'd no idea it was so late.

Lady. Nine is striking, I declare.

Family. It can't be more than half-past eight.

[*They take their places.*]

Together.

Lady. How came you all to be } so late.
Family. We didn't know it was }

SESTET.

Master of the House. A cup of coffee, please, for me.

1st Daughter. Ma, I should like a cup of tea.

Lady. How many knobs of sugar?

Master. Three. [*She puts them in.*]

2d Daughter. The muffin hand me, William, pray.
Son. I beg your pardon—muffin—eh?

[*Hands muffin.*]

Lady. Agreeable are all your teas!

3d Daughter. More cream for me, Ma, if you please.
[*Holding out her cup.*]

DUET.

Lady. To cream, dear, there's a strong objection;

It's very bad for the complexion.

3d Daughter. Is it, Ma?

Lady. Ask your Pa.

3d Daughter. Fa la la la! Fa la la la!

CHORUS.

Fiddle de dee, fal la la la!

TRIO. *Adagio.*

[*They all sing with their mouths full.*]

1st Daughter. How very nice the egg is,
When it is newly laid;

Son. So the devill'd turkey's leg is,
So is the herring red.

2d Daughter. For me let village maidens bring
Fresh water-cresses from the spring!

Together.

For { me } let village maidens bring
her } Fresh water-cresses from the spring!

SOLO. *Vivace.*

Son. Hang water-cresses,
And all such messes,
Good grazing for cattle, perhaps, they may be;
I don't like such diet;
I never will try it;
A good Cambridge sausage 's the jockey for me!

SOLO. *Maestoso.*

Master. Cease such sentiments to utter;—
Till you get as old as me,
Be content with bread and butter
Of a morning with your tea!

CHORUS. *Molto affettuoso.*

Such sentiments we must not utter,
Till as old as Pa are we;
But eat only bread and butter
Of a morning with our tea.

Ha ha ha!

He he he!

[*Pianissimo.*] Stuff and nonsense—He he he!
[*They take sights at their Parent behind his back.*]

RECITATIVE.

Lady. Now have you all your breakfasts finished,
say?

All. We have.

Lady. Then let the servant take away.
[*They rise.*]

CHORUS. *Finale.*

Very well;
Without delay,
Ring the bell,
Ring, ring the bell;

Yes, ring, and let the servant take the things away.

Away, away,
Without delay,
Take away,
Take, take away. [Curtain falls.]

We need scarcely remind the economical house-keeper of the obvious advantage that will arise from his family singing at meal times, instead of devoting their whole attention to eating; a hint on which we shall now leave those concerned to ponder.

THE LAMENT OF THE STATUES.

(Representative of the Poets in the New Houses of Parliament.)

PREVIOUSLY to the determination of the royal commissioners to erect statues to the poets in the new houses of parliament, they might as well have consulted the feelings of those personages on the subject, which, we suspect, would, with a slight difference of expression, be much like those embodied in the following lines. These we have had the impudence to put into the mouths of the poets, and to imagine each speech inscribed, respectively, on the pedestals of their statues:—

CHAUCEER.

Good sirs, I marvel what we herè maken,
Gretè folk, certès, be sometimes mistaken,
We standen in this stound by much erroür,
Ne poet was in parlement before;
We are fysh out of water, verily,
I do not breathè well this air, perdy.
In the Abbaye we weren well enoughe:
To put us here in parlement is stuffe.

SPENSER.

Troth, brother Chaucer, I am of thy minde,
In parlement I do not feel at home,
Where prating Dulness talks his hearer blinde,
And dry Debate doth vainly froth and foam,
Folly, not fancy, from his theme doth roam,
And greedy patriots rave for pence and place;
Poets are fashioned from another loam
Than heavy marle of statesmen's crawling race,
And to be here, in faith, me seemeth dire disgrace.

SHAKESPEARE.

Grave Grandsire Chaucer, and good Father Spenser,
The judgment your sweet worships have pronounced
On the hard mandate, and right stern decree,
Which, much misplacing us, hath placed us here,
Doth jump with my opinion. Here to 'bide
Beneath the pelting of the pitiless Brougham,
To suffer Roebuck's petulance; t' endure
The jokeless wit of Sibthorpe, and to brook
The specious eloquence of glozing Peel,
To any soul alive were purgatory:—
But to a poet's 'tis a worse doom.
Oh that this monument were o'er my tomb!

MILTON.

My sentence is for walking off, oh Bards!
Though we be marble. Doth not story old
Record how statues, erst, have breathed and
walked,
Instinct with life and motion? Why relate
Pygmalion's idol, and the wife of clay,
Pandora, she by cunning Vulcan wrought
For bold Prometheus? Or, in modern days,
The marble man that unto supper came
To Seville's famous, but immortal Don,
High Giovanni? Could I here remain,
Heavy debate to list with tortured ear,
My Cromwell's absence would determine mine.
Haste, then, and from your pedestals descend,
To stalk abroad with me through London's streets,
Darkening with dire alarm the heart of Town.

DRYDEN.

All British art commissions royal sway,
And when they order, sculptors must obey.

This poets find, whose effigies, like ours,
Are called to parliament by princely powers.
Hard is our fate, thus destined to remain
Where Noise and Nonsense hold divided reign,
Amid contending politician's strife—
Who ne'er were represented in our life.
Oh! that I ne'er the tuneful lyre had strung!
Was it for this, unlucky bard, I sung?
Blackmore and Shadwell, after ages past,
Rejoice; your injured ghosts are now avenged at
last.

POPE.

Curst, for ancestral sins, with parts and wit,
The Muse inspired me, and, alas! I writ;
Oh! had it been my happy fate to creep
With thee, good Dennis, I with thee might sleep;
But immortality no slumber knows,
And deathless bards can never taste repose,
Ev'n though Joe Hume invoked the drowsy god,
And Sibthorpe bid five hundred heads to nod;
Though Plumptre lull the house to rest profound,
And Spooner scatter all his poppies round;
And Palmerston compel the frequent wink,
Our ears in vain their opiate words will drink.
Oh! brother bards, whom Sculpture hither brings
To mix with statesmen, and to herd with kings:
Blend, sole relief! your marble tears with mine:
Would that we ne'er had penned a single line!
Punch.

SONG OF THE RAILWAY MANIAC.

THIS is my left hand—this my right;
These are my eyes, my nose, my mouth;
I can discern the day from night:
There lies the north, and there the south.
Shake not the head, then—cry not "Hush!"
Lay not the finger on the lip:
Away!—unhand me!—let me rush
In quest of railway shares and scrip.

Ha! ha! 'Tis you are mad, I say:
You talk to me of three per cents.,
Consols? pooh, nonsense! What are they?
You prate of mortgages and rents—
I tell you there are no such things:
—Nay, do not threaten chains and whip,—
They've flown away with paper wings,
And left us only shares and scrip.

What! Mind my business? Fellow dear,
You'll find yourself in Bedlam, soon.
Hark!—let me whisper in your ear:—
Look!—there's my business—in the moon!
That's where all occupation's fled;
Gone, presto! with hop, jump, and skip;
How, now, then, can I earn my bread,
Except by railway shares and scrip?

Get in my debts? Lo! how you rave!
Who thinks of paying what he owes?
No, tell me not that he's a knave:
In scrip and shares the money goes.
Mark yonder man, he's a trustee,
With others' stock in guardianship;
Where is it! Ha! my friend! you'll see—
All sunk in railway shares and scrip.

Stick to the shop?—What shop? I've none.
Defend me,—how the madman stares!
I tell you there's no shop but one:
The office where they sell you shares.

You have a tailor,—want a coat :—
Go, order it : you 'll find that Snip,
I 'll bet you, Sir, a ten-pound-note,
Will only measure you for scrip.

I am not mad, I am not mad ;
See where the shares on whirlwinds fly :
Off!—give me back the wings I had,
To mount and catch them in the sky.
Maniac, I say!—you torture me!—
You crush me in that iron grip ;
Madman, away! and leave me free
To chase my railway shares and scrip.

Punch.

From the *Britannia*.

MORE ANNEXATION.

THE *Times* has an excellent article on the disposition shown by the United States to obtain a few more ample slices of the Mexican territory. As there seems no limit to the cupidity of the democratic party but its power, we may expect that, encouraged by its possession of Texas, it will shortly attempt to carry its new projects into execution. At present Mexico is too weak to offer resistance to the aggressions of its active neighbor, whatever measures of spoliation be attempted. We extract the most material part of the *Times* article :—

“The *New York Herald* complacently announces a project for following up the annexation of Texas with a similar movement, in the first instance, against ‘some of the northern states of Mexico,’ and eventually, as it plainly intimates, against the whole world. ‘Annexation’ it has discovered to be the peculiar organ or calculus of republican conquest. What has answered once so well, invites a second attempt. Mexico having confessed her weakness, may therefore be further plundered. As Aristotle tells us, people are disposed to injure those whom they have already injured. So, in fact, while Mexico is quietly fretting at her loss, the Union is determined that she shall not be quiet, and is actually preparing an expedition, no longer to secure Texas, but now to annex the whole of Mexico herself :—

“‘We understand from very good authority that a number of enterprising young adventurers, full of youth and enthusiasm, are preparing to start on an expedition to some of the northern states of Mexico or California, with similar views to those which animated the early settlers of Texas, who brought about the revolution and conflict in that state, which have ultimately produced the annexation of that territory to the United States. It is generally well known that the movement in Texas, which has led to its present annexation, originated in the city of New York, probably ten or twelve years ago, with some of the same persons who are now the leading men in that country. The success of the revolution and annexation of Texas seems to point out the new way—the novel method by which stable and efficient republican governments can be extended over this continent, proceeding as it does from the central republic of the world, the United States.’”

After contemptuously recommending European journalists to “talk till they are hoarse about national robbery and plunder,” and showing the perfect and indefeasible right of all independent people

to go where they like and be governed as they like, the *New York Herald* proceeds :—

“An expedition, therefore, starting from New York, collecting materials all over the country, to go into the northern states of Mexico or California, for the purpose of annexing them to this country, of establishing a republican government, and securing peace, will meet with the sanction, we have no doubt, of all good citizens. The expedition to which we now allude will take some time for preparation, but we have no doubt that in less than one year we shall see crowds crossing the Rio Grande to the northern states of Mexico, and passing through the great gap of the Rocky Mountains towards California : and that we shall have a second, third, and fourth edition of the *Texan revolution* over again, and at each turn a new extension of the borders of the Union.”

Our readers are not to suppose that this is a mere private adventure, or that its advocacy by the journal we are quoting is a mere momentary aspiration of republican cupidity. No. There is something far deeper and larger, and more deliberate, at the bottom. That idea of pushing into every country the emissaries of republicanism, and of effecting by their agency revolution and ultimate conquest—that idea which the French revolutionists seized and marred, is now in more able hands. It is becoming the settled and avowed policy of the United States, and bids fair to be the turning point of every election, as far as we can scan the horizon of the future. It is the political philosophy of the States. It is reduced to principles, and taught to the multitude, not merely in the shape of visible troops of “enterprising young adventurers” marching in the face of day right through the Union into the undisputed territory of Mexico, but also in the more abstract and scientific form of a great system of universal conquest.

PRUSSIAN HEROINE.—We find in the Prussian papers some particulars of interest, relating to a heroine, of a remarkable description—Grace Darling enlarged into gigantic proportions—residing in the town of Pilau. This woman, Katherine Kleinfeldt, is the widow of a seaman, with whom, for twenty years, she made long sea voyages ; and since his death, she has devoted her life, for his memory's sake, to the noble and perilous task of carrying aid to the drowning. Whenever a storm arises, by day or night, Katherine Kleinfeldt embarks in her boat, and quits the harbor in search of shipwrecks. At the age of forty-seven, she has already rescued upwards of three hundred individuals from certain death. The population of Pilau venerate her as something holy, and the seamen look upon her as their guardian angel. All heads are uncovered as she passes along the street. The Prussian and several other governments have sent her their medals of civil merit, and the municipality of Pilau has conferred on her the freedom of the town. Katherine is of athletic form and strength, of masculine physiognomy, softened only by its look of gentleness and goodness, and better furnished, in all save courage and humanity, for such wild scenes and high deeds as make their common fame, than the frail girl who has for years filled a grave far from the scene of her generous daring in the Fern Islands—*Athenæum*.

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. CAPSTICK, however, came not alone. A pace or two behind him followed an old man, whose kind, familiar greeting of Bright Jem showed him to be no stranger at the Hermitage. "Well, James," said the visitor, "and how is all your blooming family!" and he looked benignantly at the shrubs and flowers.

"Why, thank'ee, sir, as you see," said Bright Jem, smiling paternally, and tenderly patting a lump of earth, as though he loved it. "My family's jist like any other children; some back'ard, some for'ard. Some will run up, and branch out like this *Snapsis Nigger*—"

"I perceive," said the visitor, with his best gravity—"it is the common mustard."

"Jist so," affirmed Jem very stolidly, "and some will grow jist as you trim 'em, like this *luckhouse semperwirings*."

"Very true; the box-plant is obedient," said the new-comer, with continued deference to Jem's scholarship; "the box is obedient."

"The box, or, as we call it, the *luckhouse semperwirings*, is a good deal like a 'oman," said Jem, very confidently.

Capstick trumpeted a loud, short cough—his frequent manner, when astonished or offended by any human assertion.

"Like a 'oman," repeated Jem, at once understanding the objection of his patron. "And I'll prove it. You've only got to trim it into a shape at first, and what a little trouble makes it always keep it."

"There may be something in the simile," said Capstick, with his best malignity; "for I have seen the tree cut into a peacock."

"Well, that was all the choice o' the gardener. You'll own it, Mr. Capstick; it might have been cut into a dove," cried Jem.

"It might, originally," answered Capstick; "but I know the nature of the thing. 'T would have been certain to branch into a peacock. To be sure, there's this to be said for the gardener, poor fool! though the thing should have a tail as long as a kite, because he once thought it a dove, he'd think it a dove forever."

"It could n't be—impossible," said Jem.

"Why, look there," cried Capstick, pointing to a yew fantastically mutilated, "look at that dragon."

"Dragon!" cried Jem, "it's a angel, with its outspread wings. I cut it myself; it's my own angel."

"Happy, fond humanity!" said Capstick, turning and laying his hand upon the visitor's shoulder. "How many a dragon to all the world beside, seems a blessed angel to its owner! Who would disturb so comforting a faith?" And then he added to Jem, "It is an angel. 'T is a pity he has n't a trumpet."

"It's a growin'," said Jem; "it's there, though nobody but myself can see it."

"'T is sometimes so with trumpets of men," observed Capstick. "And now we'll to breakfast."

"And you'll own," said Jem, determined upon conquest, "that the *luckhouse semperwirings* is like the 'oman speeces? To be sure it is. Look at it even in a border; and does n't it remind you of a quiet, tidy little cretur that keeps her house so nice and clean, and lets nothing dirty in it? You'll agree—"

"Is the breakfast ready?" asked Capstick.

"It is," answered Jem, "all but the eggs. The fowls have been very good to us though: there's twenty on 'em."

"The breakfast ready! Then the beast that is raging within me," said Capstick, "will own to anything. Twenty eggs! 'T is wonderful how hunger sharpens arithmetic. It is but five a-piece," and the misanthrope for the first time turned to St. Giles; and then straightway passed into the cottage. A breakfast, solid and various, lay upon the board. "There's no whet to the appetite," said Capstick, "like early dew. Nothing for the stomach like grass and field-flowers, taken with a fasting eye at five in the morning. 'T was Adam's own salad, and that's why he lived to nine hundred and thirty."

"Think you," said the visitor, chipping an egg-shell, "think you that Adam, before the fall, ate eggs?"

"I can't say," said Capstick; "but recollecting the things I have read, the question would make a very pretty book. 'T is a pity the matter was n't stirred two or three hundred years ago. How many thousand throats might have been cut upon it! How many men and women roasted like live oysters! For the wisdom of humanity, 't is a great miss. How popes might have thundered about it! What *Te Deums* have been chanted; what maledictions—and all with the melted-butter voice of a Christian—pronounced! The world has had a great loss—a very great loss." And Capstick sighed.

"I can hardly see that," says Jem. "It seems to me that this blessed world will never want something to quarrel about, so long as there's two straws upon it."

"Why, there have been the Battles of the Straws," observed Capstick, "although for certain purposes they've been called after other names." And then, for a time, the breakfast was silently continued; when suddenly Capstick cried out, "Beast that I am! I have forgotten Velvet!"

"Velvet! Who is he?" asked the visitor.

"An excellent fellow, Master Kingcup," said Capstick; "a worthy creature after my own heart. We became acquainted last frost; it was a road-side meeting, and I brought him here to the Tub. You would hardly think it; but though I saved him from a wintry death, and have comforted him like my own flesh and blood—"

"He is n't a bit like it," cried Jem.

"Like my own flesh and blood," repeated Capstick, with a reproving look, "he has neither bitten nor slandered me, nor lifted my latch to midnight thieves, nor in fact done anything that a friend you have benefited, should do." At these words, St. Giles, forgetful of the misanthropic drolling of his host, shifted somewhat uneasily in his seat. He thought of the muffins bestowed upon his boyhood, and of the discomfort he had afterwards inflicted on his benefactor. "Here, Velvet—Velvet," cried Capstick; and Bright Jem sat with a grave smile enjoying the expectation of Mr. Kingcup. "With all the coaxing bestowed upon him, 't is such a humble soul," said Capstick. "He never puts himself forward—never. I'll wager ye, now, one of these egg-shells," and Capstick rose and looked about him, "that I shall find him quietly curled up in a corner. I knew it—there he is." With this, Capstick took two steps from his chair, stooped, and in a moment

returning to his seat, placed a hedgehog on the table.

"Humph!" said Kingcup, "'t is an odd creature for a bosom friend."

"Give me all bosom friends like him," cried Capstick. "For there's no deceit in 'em: you see the worst of 'em at the beginning. Now, look at this fine honest fellow. What plain, straight-forward truths he bears about him! You see at once that he is a living pin-cushion with the pins' point upwards, and instantly you treat him after his open nature. You know he's not to be played at ball with: you take in with a glance all that his exterior means, and ought to love him for his frankness. Poor wretch! 't is a thousand and a thousand times the ruin of him. He has, it is true, an outside of thorns—heaven made him with them—but a heart of honey. A meek, patient thing! And yet, because of his covering, the world casts all sorts of slanders upon him; accuses him of wickedness he could not, if he would, commit. And so is he kicked and cudgelled, and made the cruellest sport of, his persecutors all the while thinking themselves the best of people for their worst of treatment. He bears a plain exterior; he shows so many pricking truths to the world, that the world, in revenge, couples every outside point with an interior devil. He is made a martyr for this iniquity—he hides nothing. Poor Velvet!" and Capstick very gently stroked the hedgehog, and proffered it a slice of apple, and a piece of bread.

"'T is a pity," said Kingcup, "that all hedgehogs arn't translated after your fashion."

"What a better world 't would make of it!" answered the cynic. "But no, sir, no; that's the sort of thing the world loves," and Capstick pointed to a handsome tortoise-shell cat, stretched at her fullest length upon the hearth. "What a meek, cosy face she has: a placid, quiet sort of grandmother look—may all grandmothers forgive me!—Then, to see her lap milk, why, you'd think a drop of blood of any sort would poison her. The wretch! 't was only last week, she killed and ate one of my doves, and afterwards sat wiping her whiskers with her left paw, as comfortably as any dowager at a tea-party. I nursed her before she had any eyes to look at her benefactor—and she has sat and purred upon my knee, as though she knew all she owed me, and was trying to pay the debt with her best singing. And for all this, look here—this is what she did only yesterday," and Capstick showed three long fine scratches on his right hand.

"That's nothing," said Mr. Kingcup. "You know that cats will scratch."

"To be sure I do," replied Capstick; "and all the world know it; but the world don't think the worse of 'em for it—and for this reason, they can, when they like, so well hide their claws. Now, poor little Velvet here—poor vermin martyr!—he can't disguise what he has; and so he's hunted and worried for being, as I may say, plain spoken—when puss is petted and may sleep all day long at the fire because in faith she's so glossy, and looks so innocent. And all the while, has she not murderous teeth and claws?"

"And so," cried Kingcup, "ends, I hope, your sermon on hedgehogs. Let us talk of more serious matters."

"If properly thought of, you can find them," said Capstick. "For my part, little Velvet here carries a text for serious matter, as you have it, in every bristle. Look at him."

But the philosopher was interrupted in his theme by a knock at the door, which, ere an invitation to enter could be delivered, was opened, and Mr. Tangle, Mr. Folder, and three of the inhabitants of Liquorish—voters for that immaculate borough, crowded themselves into the small apartment. Mr. Capstick rose in his best dignity. He seemed suddenly to divine the cause of the abrupt visit, and prepared himself to meet it accordingly. Bright Jem stared perplexed in the face of Tangle, as though picking out an old acquaintance from his features—whilst St. Giles shrank unseen into a corner, not caring to confront the lawyer and agent.

"Mr. Capstick, good morning, sir. We knew your early habits—nothing like them, sir, as your face declares—and therefore, we were up, I may say by cock-crow, to do ourselves the honor of calling upon you." Thus spoke Tangle.

"We also know, Mr. Capstick, your attachment to our blessed con—con—" but here Mr. Folder was seized with an obstinate cough. He, nevertheless, whilst fighting against it, motioned with his right hand, as much as to say, you understand perfectly well what I mean.

"And we likewise know'd," observed an independent freeholder, name unknown, "how you hates the yellow party."

"His lordship, Mr. Capstick, will personally do himself the great delight of waiting upon you. In the mean time, I, his humble friend, Mr. Tangle, of Red Lion Square—"

Here Capstick, looking dead in the face of the lawyer, gave a long, loud whistle. He then said in a low voice of suppressed astonishment—"And so it is! Bless my soul! Well, no doubt, Providence is very good. Still who'd have thought you'd have lasted to this time?"

Here Tangle seized the hand of Capstick, who suffered his palm to lay like a dead fish in the hand of that very fervent man. "Surely—yes, it must be—surely we have met before! Where could it have been?"

"Newgate," answered Capstick, as though proud of the place. This frankness, however, somewhat puzzled the criminal lawyer. He knew not what the amount of Capstick's obligations might be to him; could not, on the instant recollect, whether the tenant of the Tub, the freeholder of Liquorish, had been a housebreaker, a highwayman, or simple footpad. Mr. Tangle's personal acquaintanceship with so many men, thus variously inclined, had been so great, that it was impossible for him to recollect the benefits, for certain inconsiderable fees, he had from time to time conferred. Thus, in his uncertainty, he merely said, "Bless me! Newgate!" smiling blandly as though he spoke of Araby the Happy, or the Fortunate Isles.

"Certainly, Newgate," repeated Capstick. "I wonder you should forget the case."

"Why, the fact is, Mr. Capstick, I have a sort of dim recollection that—but the truth is, when I leave London, I always like to leave Newgate behind me. Whatever our small affair was—"

"Nothing but a little matter of horse-stealing," said Capstick, with an ingenuousness that even astonished Tangle, whilst Mr. Folder and the three inhabitants of Liquorish looked very blank indeed. It was but for a moment, for they sank the horse-stealer, as they deemed Capstick, in the freeholder, and smiled as vigorously as before.

"Now, I recollect very well," said Tangle; "perfectly well. It was a case of conspiracy

against you: I remember, Mr. Capstick, the affecting compliment the judge paid you when you quitted the dock—the cheers that rang through the court—and the very handsome supper we had on the night of your acquittal. It was a black case, sir; a very black case. Nevertheless, it was a sweet satisfaction to recollect that we indicted the witnesses, and that one of 'em, proved guilty of perjury, was nearly killed in the pillory. I felt the case so strongly that I remember it—ay, as though it were but yesterday—I remember that I gave my clerks a holiday to see the fellow, telling them at the same time what I thought of him.”

“Humph!” said Capstick, “you don’t keep your memory in quite as good order as the Newgate Calendar. There was no acquittal in the case I talk of; none at all. Sentence was passed, and execution ordered.”

Tangle looked silently but intently in the face of Capstick, as though mentally inquiring, “which horse-stealer he could be.”

“Execution ordered,”—repeated Capstick—“but it was n’t to be. Instead of hanging, there was transportation for life.”

“And so there was—I recollect perfectly well. I am always glad to welcome back an erring man to the paths of virtue,” said Tangle. “Of course you have obtained your pardon?”

“Pardon! Oh, dear, no—not at all,” said Capstick.

“Why—bless me!”—gasped Mr. Folder—“you don’t mean to say, fellow—you hav’n’t the effrontery to declare it to the faces of honest men, that you are an escaped transport?”

Capstick made no answer, but smiled resignedly. The inference, however, was too much for Bright Jem, who cried out—“Why, in course not: and as for talking about honest faces, I should think them as could n’t see the honestest that is here”—and Jem laid his hand affectionately on Capstick’s shoulder—“ought to put on their spectacles.”

“Be quiet, Jem,” said Capstick mildly.

“I can’t; it would make that dumb cretur speak if it could,” said Jem, pointing to the pet hedgehog, “to hear such rubbish. You ought to recollect, Mr. Tangle, all about it: for was n’t you well paid for doin’ next door to nothin’? The bright guineas Mr. Capstick give you to take the part o’ that poor little child—and after all, did n’t you leave him to be hanged like a dog?”

Tangle’s face broke into excessive radiance. “Bless my heart—bless my heart!” he cried, and was again about to seize the hand of Capstick, when the cynic suddenly lifted the hedgehog from the table, giving a marked preference to that object. Mr. Tangle was of a too generous nature to be offended by such partiality—he had too much true humility. Therefore, in no way confused, he turned to Mr. Folder, saying—“I think, sir, if there were any doubt of our cause, this would be a good omen for it.” Mr. Folder smiled and assented, though in evident ignorance of Tangle’s meaning. “To think that the first man we should have canvassed, should have been this good—I will say it, this righteous person! You recollect Mr. Capstick; of course, you recollect Mr. Capstick?”

Mr. Folder, feeling from the lawyer’s manner, that he ought to recollect our muffin-maker, shuffled forward, and with all alacrity prepared to take his hand: but the misanthrope, leering at that affable old man, continued to pat his hedgehog.

“You remember the case of that wretched boy,” said Tangle, “that born bad thing, young St. Giles, who stole his lordship’s pony?” Mr. Folder was immediately impressed—we might say—oppressed, with a remembrance of the case. “And of course, you remember the benevolence of this excellent man, who—”

“Tol de rol lol, tol lol lol,” sung Capstick, with his best energy.

“But he’s a true Christian, and you perceive will hear nothing about it,” said Tangle. “I’ll say no more, sir; you have your reward—there, sir—there”—and Tangle pointed his forefinger towards that part of Capstick’s anatomy where in men, as he had heard, resided the heart. “Nevertheless, sir, for that young St. Giles—Hallo! my friend,” cried Tangle, for the first time observing the owner of that name, who, agitated by what he had heard, and further terrified by the sudden recognition of Tangle, was pale and trembling—“hallo! what brought you here?”

“You know the young man?” asked Capstick.

“Know him, sir! I should think I did. He’s one of our men, hired to shout for us,” said Tangle.

“To fight for us, too,” added Mr. Folder, “if need be, in defence of our blessed constitution.”

“Well, friend,” said Capstick to St. Giles, “your clothes are dry, and I hope your belly’s full. That way to the right leads to the Rose.”

Capstick’s manner told St. Giles to begone. It was no time for explanation; therefore, determined to return in the evening to the hermitage, and make himself known to his benefactor, St. Giles moved towards the door. “God bless you, sir,” he said, “for all the good you’ve done me.” With these words he crossed the threshold, and was in a moment out of sight.

“What,” cried Tangle, struck by the blessing of St. Giles upon Capstick, “what, sir, at your kindness again?”

“There was no kindness at all in the matter,” said Jem; “he was spilt in a pond, and came here with a wet skin.”

“Oh, I see! The accident that happened to the band. Poor devils!” cried Tangle, “’T was a mercy none of them were drowned, for the time’s getting close, and, Mr. Capstick, you who know life, know that an election without music, why it’s like a contest without—”

“Money,” added Capstick, with a grim smile.

“Exactly so. But I perceive, in the hospitality you have vouchsafed to his lordship’s servant, your devotion to his cause. Ha, sir! England has need of such men, now. A few such as he would put us to rights, sir, in no time; for all the times want, sir, is the strong arm—nothing like the strong arm. However, to the immediate purpose of our visit, as I say, his lordship will himself call upon you; in the mean time”—and Tangle’s face looked like old parchment in the sun—“in the mean time, I trust we may count upon your vote and interest?”

Capstick cast his eyes upon the ground, then upwards, as though suddenly rapt by calculation. He then asked, “Is his lordship fond of hedgehogs?”

“I had the happiness and the honor,” said Folder, “of opening his youthful mind; and knowing, as I do, how attentively he was wont to listen to my exhortations of not only considering the wants of the lower orders, but of especially feeling consideration towards the lower animal kingdom, I think I can confidently say—though I never heard his

lordship declare his preference—that he is decidedly fond of hedgehogs.”

“I am very happy to hear it,” said Capstick, “’t is a great thing to know.”

“You don’t feel disposed—should his lordship take a fancy to the creature—to sell that hedgehog?” asked Tangle.

“How could I refuse his lordship anything?” answered Capstick. “It’s an odd thing: but you’ve heard of what they call the transmigration of souls!”

“Of course!” answered the scholar, Folder.

“Well, then, it’s droll enough; and I never thought of it. But until the election is over, I feel that my soul is in this hedgehog.”

Tangle put his forefinger to his nose, and said—“Good! I understand you. A man of the world, Mr. Capstick—a man who knows life.” Whereupon, Tangle, ere Capstick was aware of it, caught him by the hand, squeezing it until its knuckles cracked again. “God bless you! We may depend upon all your interest! Good bye.”

The canvassing party then quitted the cottage. Mr. Tangle walked on with Mr. Folder; and was no sooner in the lane that led to the main road,

where they had left their chaise, than he indulged his pent-up wrath with the freest explosion. “Now, sir, that’s one of the scoundrels that make the world what it is!”

“Shocking!” said Mr. Folder.

“That’s one of the men who pollute the pure source of parliamentary representation.”

“It’s dreadful,” remarked Folder.

“Without such vagabonds, a seat in the house would be cheap enough. But is n’t it dreadful to think what a gentleman must disburse to buy such scum!”

“Notwithstanding,” urged Mr. Folder, “we must protect our blessed constitution. And if the other party will offer money for the commodity, we must n’t stop at any price to outbid ’em.”

“I know that, Mr. Folder; I know what is due to our true interests. And the noble house of St. James has not forgotten that. The box of gold at the Olive Branch will testify to the patriotism of that house. Nevertheless, as a Christian it shocks me; nevertheless, I say—but here’s the coach. Fellow, drive back to the Olive Branch;” whereupon the canvassing party returned to their headquarters of the pure and independent borough.

From the New York Tribune.

LIFE’S WORK.

ALL around thee, fair with flowers,
Fields of beauty sleeping lie;
All around thee clarion voices
Call to duty stern and high.
Be thou thankful, and rejoice in
All the beauty God has given;
But beware it does not win thee
From the work ordained of Heaven.
To remove the wide-spread darkness,
That the light of truth may shine;
And recall the child of error
To Jehovah’s holy shrine—
To unbind the iron fetter
Of the maimed and wretched slave;
To uplift the long degraded,
Sin’s abandoned victim save—
To encourage suffering virtue,
Lest despairing it shall die,
And the light of hope rekindle
In the darkened, vacant eye:
Cheerfully of thine abundance
To the sick and poor impart,
And lift up the weight of sorrow
From the crushed and burthened heart.
This the work ordained of Heaven,
This is thine, and this for all—
O be faithful; ever ready
To obey the heavenly call.
Follow every voice of mercy,
With a trusting, loving heart;
And in all life’s earnest labor
Be thou sure to do thy part.
Now, TO-DAY, and not to-morrow,
Work, O work with all thy might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night.
Now, TO-DAY, and not to-morrow,
Lest, before to-morrow’s sun,
Thou too, mournfully departing,
Shall have left thy work undone.

THE SUNSHINE OF LIFE.

Oh glorious sunshine! through the heavens far
spreading,
And on the earth with radiant footsteps tread-
ing,

How lovely, how divine a beam art thou;
Lighting up beauty with more beauteous light,
Shedding the splendor of thy presence bright,
Where all was gloom and darkness until now.

Behold with what surpassing lustre shining,
The everlasting hills and vales reclining,
Are bathed in floods of golden streaming rays;
And in man’s home, where patient labor toils,
Sickness lifts up its languid head and smiles
Beneath the influence of thy cheering blaze.

Such is fair virtue—o’er the wide earth beaming,
Her sacred light of love forever streaming,
From land to land the heavenly spirit flies,
Bids grace and beauty shine with deeper glow,
And o’er the common paths of life below
Sheds down a hallowed glory from the skies.

Jerrold’s Mag.

SONNET.

WHEN on the quiet of my lonely hours
Some softly whispering inspiration steals;
Am I less blest than he whose spirit feels
The deepest movings of the muse’s powers?
Nay. For the sunlight that gilds up the towers
Of princes—in the sheltered lane reveals
The beauty of the primrose,—and unseals
Phials of fragrance in the violet’s bowers.
For poetry can glad, illumine, sustain,
And dignify the humblest heart she sways;
And though the world the trifles may disdain,
Still dear unto the poet are his lays.
And whoso seeketh shall not seek in vain,
For joys abundant in her pleasant ways.

Jerrold’s Mag.

A Plea for Study. An Oration before the Literary Societies of Yale College, 19th August, 1845.
By GEORGE W. BETHUNE, Minister of the Third Reformed Dutch Church of Philadelphia.

[DR. BETHUNE "followeth not with us," yet we always delight to follow him,—whether in the lecture, oration, sermon, spoken or written, or in the more elaborate book; sure at all times of sound learning, sound doctrine, gentlemanly manners, and Christian temper; and all these made living and graceful by humor, wit, and adaptation to the living age. After writing these sentences, we proceeded to mark for the printer such parts of the oration as we thought desirable to spread upon our columns. Setting out from near the beginning, we were unable to find any stopping-place, and finally are obliged to print the whole—as an acceptable service to the rising generation.]

GENTLEMEN,—Rising, at your flattering request, to speak before such an assemblage, as the Literary Societies of Yale College, your orator adopts, with all their force, the earnest words of Ringelbergius:—"Happy young men, trained from very childhood, under the best masters, in various learning, to whom belong the blooming cheek, the pliant limb, a hope of many years, and an unworn energy, would that I could share the freshness of your morning, and seek, with a vigor like yours, those heights of knowledge, which now, from early neglect, are beyond my reach! Vain are my regrets. Let me solace them by exhorting you to persevere in the difficult, but honorable labors of a studious life, labors whose success is certain, as their rewards are glorious."*

Our discourse will, therefore, be upon

STUDY;

a theme beyond his powers, whose distinguished office it is to address you; yet, inspiring courage from this classical atmosphere, he feels sure, in his well-meant efforts, of a courteous sympathy. Under the shadow of your venerable University, founded by ancient piety and edified by the good of many generations, crowded by aspirants to scholarship from every part of our wide confederacy, and illustrated by the lives of professors as eminent for every virtue as they are excellent in every science, the most humble lover of Christian learning may bring his tribute to a cause, identified with the name of YALE.

But do they, who have been blessed by the liberal nurture of your ALMA MATER, need incitement to pursue study so delightfully begun? Is not the day, on which they receive her parting blessing, rightly named a Commencement, because then, obeying her last affectionate words, they commence, *baculum in manu*, those higher walks of truth, for whose steep ascents she has carefully disciplined their growing faculties? Can we think it possible, that any, who have here known the pleasures of intellect, will ever be seduced by the earthward and imbruting temptations of a vulgar world?

These doubts have a melancholy answer from the past; for by far the greatest part of those, whose advantages should have made them lights to mankind, shining brighter and brighter, are lost in disgraceful obscurity, become slaves of the

mine, mere delvers after gain, or drag their way through life mortally tainted with sloth, the leprosy of soul.

A college course may be compared to the fabled regions below. Many feel themselves chained down by iron rules, the vulture impatience gnawing at their liver; or are whirled round, like Ixion, by a routine of unwilling exercises; or pour lessons into memories, leaky as the sieves of the Danaides; or strive in vain to taste enjoyments, which tantalize the appetite of their feeble minds; or, most industriously,

"With many a weary step and many a groan,"

heave up the mass of their accumulating tasks until they reach a bachelor's degree, to let it run down again, and to run down after it, congratulating themselves over Sisypheus, that they may stay at the bottom. A fortunate few find here an Elysium, where they hold high converse with the mighty dead, and emerge, like Æneas, wise from their counsels, to lay the foundation of an influence more enduring than "eternal Rome." Such spirits, at least, will listen to an advocate of Study.

Study, in its wide meaning, signifies, Zeal in acquiring knowledge of any kind, by any method; but, leaving those, more conversant with them, to recommend other sciences, our plea is for Letters, especially, letters which reveal the experience, the taste, and the mind of antiquity.

Study abounds in religious uses. It is a scruple of a sickly conscience, that our immediate duties are so many, as to forbid us time for such occupation. The true end of life is preparation for eternity, and religion ought to have our supreme regard. But what is religion? Is it not the study of God, of our fellow-creatures and of ourselves, and the intelligent practice of our duties to all? God is our best Teacher, and how does he instruct us? He has not, in his book, taught us only of Himself, nor confined the text to mere statements of doctrine, bare precepts and direct promises. The Scriptures are full of man's history, the strange workings of the human heart in the conduct of nations and individuals, the miserable consequences of departure from primeval religion, and the peaceful results of righteousness. It is not presumption to inquire after God, for "the knowledge of the Holy is understanding;" but he has taught us, also, that man is the proper study of man. Whatever exhibits human nature, shows us ourselves.

The style of the Scriptures is not bare and meagre. Simplicity of narrative, pathos and grandeur of description, eloquence, argument, philosophy, poetry, imagery, apothegm, maxim, proverb, are all there; and each inspired writer has a genius, with its correspondent manner, peculiar to himself. Study of the Bible awakens a taste for letters, and sanctions by infallible example, a cultivation of those arts which the scholar loves for the delight and power they give him.

God teaches us by his works. He has not formed them after the narrow scheme of a misnamed utilitarianism. There are the rugged, the barren, and the dreary; but how far excelling in number and extent, are the graceful, the changeable, the wonderful and the bright! How lavish has he been of trees, and shrubs, and herbs, and flowers, moulding their anatomy and painting their leaves with infinite skill! Mountain and valley, hill and dale and plain, forest and meadow, brook and river, and lake and sea, combine their contrasts to

adorn the fruitful earth for the dwelling of its innumerable tribes. Above us, the clouds, dark, fleecy or gorgeous, of every shape, sweep over the face of heaven, or hang around the horizon, or, passing away, leave the blue vault magnificent with the garniture of sun and moon and planet and constellation. They all have their uses; but is their beauty, with our faculty to perceive and to feel it, of no use; an extravagance of the Creator, a profuseness of bounty, from which we must abstain in a self-denial more prudent than the kindness of God? Let the cold, dull plodder, who, intent on his creeping steps, fears to look up and delight himself in that which God delights in, study the lyrics of David, the rhapsodies of holy prophets, and the illustrated sermons of his Lord.

The greatest divine work within our observation is man; man is most wonderful in his soul, and letters are the development of the human soul by its own actings. They open to us a world, a universe, more vast than material creation, not the less instructive, because the free attributes of the moral creature are permitted to modify the original economy. The evil of man is his own, his perverted passions and calamitous errors of theory and practice; but the goodness, the wisdom, and power of man, is the manifestation of God in his creature, and thus does the operation of evil itself, assist us to know the infallibility of that Supreme Will, whence no evil could ever emanate; which is the principal lesson of Scriptures, written by "holy men of old as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Every fact, discovered in the aggregate experience of all former times, confirms the testimony of revelation to the necessity of that piety, which God has pronounced our highest good.

As we read the classic pages of poet, orator, historian and philosophical inquirer, we are surprised by a beauty, sweetness and sublimity, far more exquisite than any external things, which refine and elevate our spiritual perceptions. If it be not denied us to gather the perishing flowers, to hear the music and contemplate the scenery, which God prepares for our senses, that we may derive from them pleasure and advantage; may we not enjoy with profit the bloom, the melody, the grace, the tenderness, the incomparable grandeur and illimitable range of thought, which distinguishes man from grosser being, and admits him to an adoring communion with the Father of Spirits!

There is a sphere of life promised to the Christian, where matter has no place, and, by an inscrutable mystery, the bodies of the redeemed are etherealized into spiritual substance; where exist those ideal realities, of which sensible things are but the fleeting shadows; and truth, and joy, and love, and praise, are known, and felt, and uttered, by thought alone, unseen, intangible, unheard, as the essence of God and the souls of his happy children. In that deep silence harmonies are ever rolling; over those invisible regions eternal beauty is outspread, and there untrammelled by the impediments of matter, spirits hold fellowship with spirits, in an activity so pure and free, that inspiration has described it by perfect rest.

The outward engagements, which religion demands of us here, are, in their place and degree, a discipline preparatory to heaven; but we cannot fulfil them aright, nor is our education progressive, except as we learn to free our souls from the degradation of sense, by uplifting them to the world of thought; and find there a vigor and satisfaction,

independent of all lower things. This is the work of Study. When we bend over the volume, a miraculous power suspends the laws which separate us from the distant and the past. The scholar from far-off lands sits at our side; the sages of far antiquity live again in their deathless words; they speak a silent language, whose tones shall stir the hearts of generations long to come. O then it is that we feel ourselves to be immortal; citizens of an imperishable universe, and, yielding reason, staggered by the vastness of her destiny, to the stronger virtue of faith, return to walk through earth, pilgrims whose aim is a better country, the paradise of the soul.

But some may ask, Why study particularly the ancients, when we have in modern learning all the advantages of their labors, increased and corrected by researches under the light of Christianity?

The objection would be of more force, if the moderns had always sought to rectify, by evangelical assistance, the errors of antiquity. Unhappily, however, since the early time when professed rhetoricians and teachers of philosophy became fathers and doctors of the church, there has been a strong tendency to engraft upon the true and living vine of Christ's planting, subtleties and abstractions from the Grecian and Egyptian schools. Men, converted to the new faith in middle life, retained the bent and methods of philosophizing, acquired under masters who knew not of Jesus; nor could the mind of the world be turned readily out of channels, in which it had flowed for ages. An accidental similarity of some terms in the apostolical writings to those of the philosophers, and an imaginary identity between some Academic theories and certain Christian doctrines, with an abuse of the Aristotelian dialectics, contributed largely to the adulteration of that wisdom which came directly from above, pure, original and unique. To this day, indeed now more than for centuries, Plato and Plotinus are made interpreters of the sacred epistles; wild, if not profane dreams of the Emanative system, at utter variance with the Bible, which declares all but God to have been *created*, are enthusiastically advocated from the pulpit, as well as the press; nay, the stoic scheme of reproduction after the fiery close of a Providential cycle, is more than quoted in supposed illustration of literal prophecy. We are often startled by the walking ghosts of long-buried notions from the limbo of heathenism, not the less recognizable by the scholar, because wearing a Geneva cloak, an Oxford surplice, or a cross-embroidered vestment. On the other hand, the astute infidel, encouraged by this actual, though unintentional, veiling of Divine instruction to the competency of unaided reason, has, by a pernicious skill, cited the past to prove the unecessariness of Revelation for the knowledge of that, which God only has made, or could make, manifest. Thus, by the folly of its friends, who have literally "gone down to Egypt for help," and the bold cunning of its enemies, who strike strongly against the polemic, that has flung away the shield of faith and the sword of the Spirit to wield weapons of man's forging, the gospel is put into a false position, from which no human means, under God, can extricate it, but sanctified learning.

There is not one modern theory, which has not been constructed, as the later Romans build their houses, with materials taken from ancient ruins; every great metaphysical dispute, now agitated,

has a source more early than history can reach; nor is it possible to reason correctly backward, through the confusion of multiplied eclectisms, to the errors which those, who, departing from the faith given by God to man at the beginning, and "professing to be wise, became fools," have mingled with that primeval revelation. There is (blessed be the Almighty Comforter!) a divine witness in the Gospel itself, more convincing than any corroborative testimony; but, except we deem valueless the confirmation of experience, and leave all the results of past inquiry to the perversions of skeptics, we must study the learning of antiquity, before we can fairly vindicate the necessity and excellence of that system, which we have received from the Holy Ghost. It is, when, after thorough search, we fail to discover in ancient books, except the Bible, a logical argument for the Being of God or the immortality of the soul, stronger than a general traditionary notion;* or any scheme of philosophy, which could account for the existence of matter, antagonist to spirit, and limiting even the will of the One they called Supreme;† and far back as we go, we see clearer and yet more clear traces of an early God-taught knowledge, (fragments of which believed in, though unproved, because, as Plato says, they were learned by children at the breast,‡ from mothers and nurses among barbarians as well as Greeks, constitute whatever is genuine in their elaborate and labyrinthian speculations,) that we are ready to bow with a more humble trust at the feet of the crucified, who made all things and upholds them, revealed life and immortality by the radiance which shone through his broken tomb, and now, as at first he commanded light to shine out of darkness, shines in the hearts of his people, the brightness of his Father's glory and the character of invisible God.

It is only by a careful study of the ancients themselves that we can know how poor were their best thoughts of divinity; how dim and comfortless their expectations after death; how various and conflicting their definitions of the right and the good; how cold their morality, which, merging all affection in wisdom, accounted the poor man, the laborer, and the uncultivated, as profane, mere slaves of the initiated; how insufficient their motives to uphold them against present temptation; and, at least in one instance, but that the most available for our purpose which could be given, how deep their conviction of dependence upon a Teacher from heaven,§ to show us how to

live, and how to pray, and what to hope for. Then are we prepared to resist the Platonist, who, intoxicated with the poetical romancings of the sublime idealist, would persuade us that we are gods, knowing good and evil; or, after a contest with him upon his own instruments, flay the Mar-syas-like skeptic, who dares to match his skill against the Divine. If the swan of Egina, forsaking the safer bosom of his more modest master, never reached by his boldest flight the cardinal fact, which a Christian child reads in the first verse of his Bible, what worth to us can be theories based upon the fable of emanation? If an apostle of our Lord has encouraged us when we lack wisdom to ask of God, with what patience can we listen to men, who bid us search and find within our sinful, creature souls, a microcosm of all ideas? If Socrates, the best of the ancients, while expecting a new revelation, contented himself with gathering and separating from the rubbish of superstition, the golden particles of truth washed down to him by the traditionary stream; and Aristotle, the greatest, never showed his unequalled sagacity more than in abstaining altogether from questions of religious import; and Cicero, after sitting as umpire over a congress of all sects, pronounced the atheist's argument most true, hoping against logic that religion might be found probable;* how ineffably ridiculous is the vanity of men, who, turning their backs upon the Sun of Righteousness, which nevertheless will shine around them, boast that they can demonstrate by their puny wit what those giant intellects could not discover!

Were they, who rebuke us for these studies, as inconsistent with more active piety, to consider how much of our common and most necessary religious privileges have been derived, under God, from such learning, the tone of their rash and ungrateful criminations would be less positive. The very Scriptures, which they hold justly to be the fountain of saving truth, were written in tongues to them unknown, and, at first in scattered pieces, have reached us through long ages, and, until the art of printing, by the uncertain hands of transcribers. They have many passages, which, had we no acquaintance with the history, customs, opinions and idioms of their time, would be utterly inexplicable; so that to translate them, much more to establish the canon, to verify the text and elucidate it fully, demanded, and still demands, extensive erudition and severe literary discipline. To open the paths of heavenly wisdom for the little feet of the Sunday scholar, mountains have been levelled and valleys filled up, crooked places made straight and rough places plain, by the stupendous labors of indefatigable minds, who employed the skill and strength which study only could give, in preparing the way of the Lord to preach his gospel to the poor. Shall it be lightly said that the hours they spent investigating the secrets of language, comparing the various operations of thought, and observing the influence of national and individual peculiarities, were wasted; though to accomplish themselves for their work, it was necessary to range through all heathen literature, biography and history, eloquence and philosophy, epic, lyric, tragedy and comedy, from the oldest Orphic fragment to the memoranda of Gellius, the gossip of the Deipnosophists, and that last link in the chain

* Ut pono, firmissimum hoc aferri videtur cum Deos esse credamus, quod nulla gens tam fera, nemo omnium tam sit immanis, cujus mentem non imbuerit Deorum opinio; et seq.—Tusc. Quæst. 1, c. 13.

† Citations would be superfluous (had we room) to show, that no scheme of ancient philosophy made matter otherwise than eternal. Matter could not be accounted for by emanation from The ONE, and, therefore, it was impossible for them to consider it entirely subject to his will. Creation, in our sense of the term, out of nothing, is not to be found in any of their conjectures. Here is a radical distinction from the doctrine of the Scriptures, which renders the Platonic theory utterly irreconcilable with our faith. Should any one be disposed to quote the Timæus against us, he will find himself sufficiently answered by Brucker. Hist. Phil., vol. I., p. 676—7.

‡ * * * παιδάμνοι τοῖς μύθοις, οὓς ἐκ νῆων παῖδων ἐν ἡλικίᾳ τρεφόμενοι τρεφόν τε ἰκόνον καὶ μῆτρων. κ. τ. λ. ΝΟΜΟΙ, I.

§ Αναγκαῖον οὖν ἐστὶ περιμένειν τὸς ἄν τις μᾶθῃ ὅς ἐστι πρὸς θεοὺς καὶ πρὸς ἀνθρώπους διακρίσθαι. κ. τ. λ. ΑἈΚΙΒ. ΔΕΥΤ. § 22.

* * * ita discessimus, ut Velleio Cottæ disputatio prior, mihi Balbi ad veritatis similitudinem propensior. —De Natura Deorum, III. 40.

of Hermes, the problems of Proclus? With very few exceptions (perhaps only one, the glorious old dreamer, Bunyan,) since the days of the apostles, the servants of God, whatever may have been their immediate usefulness, have left an influence upon the church and the world lasting and wide in proportion as their zeal was seconded by learning. Who will challenge the services of Luther, profoundly versed in ancient wisdom, and Melancthon (ille Germaniæ suæ magister, omnis doctrinæ præsidio instructus, divinis humanisque literis ornatus,*) whose eloquent exhortations to the study of the classics have accompanied the Augsburg Confession to us; of Calvin and Rivet, whose Ciceronian periods enchant the scholar as much as their matchless divinity edifies the saint; of Zuingle, an editor of Pindar, and Piscator, a translator of Horace; of Grotius, teacher of all moral science, and the elder Vossius, worthy of being named with his great compatriot; of Owen, Baxter, and Howe, each thoroughly bred to the use of books; of Matthew Henry, whose apt quotations show a stretch of reading which, from his modest quaintness, we might not otherwise have suspected, and Doddridge, whose style betrays early familiarity with classic models; of Lardner and Warburton, who heaped the spoil of the Gentiles in the temple of the Lord, and of many others, not to speak of those in our own day and in our own land, honored alike by the erudite and the good? Was their piety, because of their learning, less active or less useful, than that of those who cannot take a step in Christian duty, but leaning on their help? Can we be wrong in attempting to follow their examples?

Temptations there may be, there are, in a studious life, which have led astray many an unhappy mind. But where is there not temptation? Is the Christian in the counting-house, the workshop or the field, free from it? Does the devil triumph more in the retirement of a library than in the squabbles of ecclesiastical councils, where the most empty are always the most noisy; or in those mischievous excitements, like that of Israel before Horeb, when impatient to get on, they set up a god of Egypt to counterfeit the presence of Jehovah? A difficult, but useful book, is no bad charm to lay those evil spirits, who love the dry and desert places of ignorance far more than a well-filled and busy head; and if we cannot force out the tempter by reading, we may try, as Luther did, what virtue there is in an inkstand. A Christian man, with a good thought in his brain and a pen in his hand, is more than a match for a legion of such, as would drive a swinish multitude down a precipice into a sea of absurdity, fanaticism or crime.

Defective as was their knowledge of divine things and of physical science, (though our pride in that has been not a little shaken by recent searches among their monuments,) it is notorious that we are far behind the ancients in many other respects. The moderns have written much upon government, the laws of thought, rhetoric and criticism, but their rules and examples are chiefly drawn from the standards of classic ages; and every faithful student knows by experience, how much more can be learned from actual conversation with the Greek and Latin master-pieces, than from all the manuals which flatter us with a promise of easy acquisition. It is to them we must

go for a large series of experiments, which they made in attempting the distribution and balance of power, not the less instructive because they were so remarkably ignorant of that most philanthropic science, political economy, which, next to the gospel, whose legitimate offspring it is, will do more than anything else for the elevation and fraternization of our race. Their profound and indefatigably curious philosophical inquiries anticipated, as we said before, every question now vexed, except those suggested by the Scriptures. Aristotle's system of exact definition, nice analysis, and direct demonstration, governs the reasoning world. Plato, in richness of metaphor, nobleness of diction, and musical cadence, has never been approached; and an oration of Demosthenes carefully dissected, will show us better how to carry off an audience captive, than a thousand lectures on eloquence from scholastic chairs. No man should write a history, who has not pondered over the intense narrative of Thucydides; or biography, if he know not the life of Agricola almost by heart; or an essay, until familiar with those of Seneca, superfluous as they are in antithetical conceits. Homer, whom all have emulated, looks down from his dateless throne upon every epic adventurer. Horace, imitator as they say he was of Alcaeus, has never found a successful rival. Milton, (whose obligations to the classics a scholar detects through all his poetry,) Dryden, Pope, Collins, and Gray, caught the fire and rhythm of their odes from Pindar. The pithy apothegms of Juvenal are our common proverbs. Where but in the dramas of Shakspeare, who alone lifts his head superior to ancient comparison, can we discover the tender grace of Euripides, the chastened grandeur of Sophocles, or the inexhaustible wit, facile play of words, and comic satire of Aristophanes? Where, even in Shakspeare, is there a conception like the Prometheus or Cassandra of Æschylus, who transcends our great master of the human heart by transcending the sphere of actual humanity?

But not to multiply instances, unnecessary before this audience, it may be confidently asserted that no high excellence in the arrangement or expression of thoughts, can be acquired without cultivating the ancients. A careful study of their languages is itself an education in strength, clearness, and delicacy of phrase, not merely because so much of our own has been taken from them, that we cannot understand it until we understand them, but because of their superior mechanism. The Greek is, in fact, (with its supposed parent, the Sanscrit,) the greatest and most mysterious achievement of human invention; for not only is its polish, which might be the work of progressive refinement, exquisite, but its radical principles are perfect in philosophical arrangement. He, who knows all things, alone knows how a system could have originated in those shadowy ages so accurate and complete, that the best style of modern tongues seems, by its side, rude and unregulated. We do not go too far in saying, that it exhibits, more fully than anything else, the relations between thought and utterance, and that a thorough acquaintance with its construction is as necessary to the metaphysician as the critic.

To this, and, doubtless, springing from the same source, the Greeks added an intense love of beauty, a keen perception and severe ideas of it, which rendered their compositions simple and harmonious, yet grand or graceful; like their own inimitable

* Jo. Alberti Oratio de Poesi Theologis utili.

ble sculptures, whose drapery was managed to reveal a symmetry that needed no decoration to conceal defects, but animated, breathing, and energetic, from more than Promethean fire. Nothing can be more delightful to a literary mind, nothing more improving, than the study of their chaste and highly-wrought *Æstheticism*. Happy is he who can bring skill in their art to the manifestation of those heavenly doctrines which open the fairest field for its exercise, and are never so true as when presented in their own naked beauty! It is not the genuine scholar who becomes a pedant, nor the true philosopher who tampers with revealed certainties; but, while half-taught pretenders astound the multitude with sonorous polysyllables, or presumptuously venture their crude conjectures, (stigmatized by the learned apostle, as "philosophy falsely so called,") the man of faith and knowledge employs his studious retirement and extensive means in distilling from foreign admixtures the waters of wisdom, that he may give them to the thirsty soul, pure, bright and transparent, as they came out of the fountain above. Nothing so much abases that pride which seeks self-distinction, as a sincere love of the true. Comparison with great ideas teaches us the insignificance of our powers, and then exalts us by the warranted ambition of securing our own glory through a submissive devotion to the glory of truth, which is the glory of God.

From these considerations, it follows that study should be governed by an elevated and religious spirit. Only three motives are allowed to us in any pursuit: the honor of the Lord our Creator, the well-being of our fellow-creatures, and our own immortal happiness. These are so interlinked as to be inseparable. God, by the sanctions of his law and Gospel, justifies a regard to our own good, while he condemns selfishness, and makes service of our human brethren duty to himself, which cannot be loyally rendered, except we find in it our greatest pleasure. The student, to be successful, must delight in his noble task. He will meet with many difficulties and disappointments. His toil will be severe and increasing. In themselves his trials will give him pain. Yet as the peasant sweats for bread, the soldier bleeds for honor, or the martyr suffers for his cause, he encounters and bears them all for the sake of the reward before him, until, after some determined practice and gratifying successes, he loves the very labor, and difficulty only rouses his generous courage. No man is fit to be a student unless he has a heart for study, a love of the beautiful and great in thought, stronger than any other passion, and an energy of will undaunted by any encounter. His calling and destiny are elsewhere. He may, according to his capacity, fill some lower place in the social economy, but the rank and inheritance of a scholar are not for him. Learning is jealous of all rivals, and spurs all who are too sluggish, or timid, or sordid, to undertake, dare, or sacrifice everything for her sake.

There are those, who claim to be men of letters, and perhaps of some note, who follow study for a trade, and make books or teach out of them, as tinmen make or peddlers sell the most common utensils, but would in a moment fling aside their scholarship, such as it is, to take up any handicraft that promised better wages. Perhaps we ought not to scourge these money-changers from the temple, (though our fingers itch for the small cords,) because they may be useful in a degree;

Providence employs the meanest and most ugly things; but, certainly, a tinker or a pedler, who loves his business, is incomparably more worthy of respect, than men who, with such advantages of knowledge, appreciate it only by the pence it brings them.

There are those, scarcely less mechanical, who lose the end of learning by attention to the minutiae of its detail, and see nothing in a classic but its words and accents. They will return without emotion from the sobbing sentences in the last page of the *Phædon*, to luxuriate among the scholia at the bottom; or stop short in the prayer of *Iphigenia*, hanging on the knees of her father, that they may hunt for authorities about the suppliant wreath, to which she compares herself so touchingly. They too have their uses; but it is as stone-breakers on the highway of knowledge, or, at best, mere proof readers, who, the printers tell us, are more likely to be accurate the less they feel an author's meaning.

Others, again, are feverish with impatience to shine; and, since the beaten path is too much crowded by better men to allow them notoriety, they seek it in eccentric and venturesome novelties. Like *Erostratus*, they would fire the most sacred system to gain a name, and careless of consequences, abuse the gifts of God within them, to set the crowd agape. Such men are very mischievous, and the more so the more learning they have, as a skilful chemist, if malignant enough, would be the most adroit poisoner.

There are yet those, who eagerly enjoy the pleasures of study without any regard for the advantage of others; too intent upon learning to teach, and upon reading to write; absorbed from all thought of the living in their association with the dead. God has given them talent and opportunity to store their minds with richest treasures, but in miserly niggardliness they keep them locked from the world. None are wiser for their knowledge, and the Father of lights receives from them no tribute of praise. Heavy will be their responsibility in that hour, when the guilt of neglecting to do good shall be measured by the means granted to accomplish it.

But the office of the educated is to be benefactors of their race. While we love study for its own sake, we should love it far more for the sake of the facilities it gives us to exercise the highest form of beneficence. Reputation for talent and acquirements, because it increases our power, may fairly be desired, and, within proper limits, sought. An intellectual laborer is not less entitled to remuneration for his work, than those who till the earth or ply the loom. Whatever in our studies refines our taste, improves our manners, or quickens our sensibilities, is to be cherished, because, though the effect be not immediately seen, it prepares us for greater success when we attempt to do good. Yet usefulness to man for the glory of God, should be the student's ruling purpose. That alone can maintain in us an unconquerable courage, lift us above the dangerous temptations within and around, and, purifying our thoughts from selfish and sensual defilement, sanctify our understanding for that eternal sphere, where charity never fails, though tongues shall cease and knowledge vanish away. The heart, not the reason, is the most noble part of the soul.

It would, however, be a grave mistake to draw knowledge only from books. Human nature, in all ages, is radically the same. Books help us to

understand mankind, and intercourse with mankind helps us to understand books. A theory, which, when read, we think right or wrong, may be proved the reverse by a half hour's observation of actual life; as, on the other hand, what the superficial infer with ready confidence from a few obvious facts, may be utterly opposed by the results of a longer trial, recorded in the histories of the past. The world is a busy laboratory, where experiments are constantly going on, by which we should try our hypotheses, and gather facts for farther induction, else we shall be dupes of fantastic speculation, and bring, as others have done before us, ridicule upon scholarship. There is, it is true, much folly in the assumption of superior judgment, by some who claim to be practical men, over those they sarcastically call theorists. What were your practical men without the aid of theorists? A practical blacksmith may make a lightning-rod that saves a house from destruction, but the theorist, Franklin, first showed the world how to turn aside the thunderbolts of heaven. A practical seaman may easily navigate a ship, but, first, Napier gave him logarithms, and Godfrey his quadrant, and Bowditch taught him how to use them, and older theorists discovered and made plain the higher principles. The practical man, on errands of business, may shoot along a railway, after the surveyor and engineer have done their work and the locomotive has been made, when, but for them, his utmost speed would be in a horse's legs. The illustration holds good in trade, politics, morals and everything, that affects the comforts or interests of the race. Still, without practical observation, the most ingenious reasoning is hypothesis that has not gained the strength of theory, nor, until put to the test, can theory have the value of law.

It is thus with us, when we would turn our knowledge derived from learning to a useful account. To make men better, it is not enough that we demonstrate what they ought to be; we must know and consider what they are. We may imagine for them a state of health, but our business is with them in a state of disease, which we must understand before we can apply any remedies. Learning gives us a wider range of facts than he has, who can look only upon his little narrow present, and we have all the benefit of former experience in failures or success; but we also need the actual around us. Neither Owen nor Fourier is an original genius. Abstract philosophers of all times have been fond of picturing a perfect social system. Pythagoras made a grand mistake in social organization at Crotona, and John Locke framed the exploded constitution of South Carolina; nor would any Utopia, from Plato's to Sir Thomas More's, succeed better. Common sense, that most uncommon thing, which is nothing else than a shrewd application of ascertained principles to things as they are, should temper our philosophical ambition.

Let us, then, never think a day's study done, unless we have added to our knowledge from reading, something more from society and conversation. Our nature is social; and much seclusion from the world is unhealthy for mind and heart. A famous scholar recommends a companion even in study, that each may assist the other with his peculiar gifts or attainments, and because of the stimulus which mind receives from mind when brought into contact. We know, by experience, that to talk over a subject with a sensible friend is a sure way,

not only to acquire ideas from him, but to call them up from our own resources. The impulse follows us back to our desks, and we set ourselves again to our work, as cheerfully as we would to pleasant food after a long walk in an agreeable country. But we should not confine ourselves to literary associates. The conversation of intelligent women, if you can find any not too much afraid of being thought "blue stockings" to talk, is eminently instructive. They have a delicacy of tact, a truth of feeling, and a direct philosophy of their own, past our finding out, which the most profound thinker may listen to and learn. The natural outworking of a little child's mind is an excellent metaphysical study. So, often, are the rough-hewn ideas of uneducated people. From the most ignorant you may extract something. Their crude reasonings, unsophisticated emotions, and even their prejudices and superstitions, will not seldom supply a link wanting from your own chain, or, if they do no more, should make us thankful for being better taught.

There is danger, however, that the student may be distracted from his great purpose, by the various excitements with which the popular mind so often becomes vertiginous. "Semel insanivimus omnes," says the proverb; but it might say "semper," with the verb in the present; for men are ever prone to phrenzy, and, like drunkards, are not nice as to the character of the stimulant, if it be strong enough to intoxicate. Perhaps a new moral nostrum demands universal faith, as a wonder-working cure of evil, hidden until now from prophet, apostle and sage; or some metaphysical Rosicrucian has invented a formula, by which all mysteries may be resolved into "Easy lessons of one syllable;" or a political contest nearly divides the national vote, each party vehemently asserting that the other half of the citizenship are knaves or fools, who will, if successful, certainly blow up the confederacy; or a damsel, put to sleep by the intensity of another's will, is straightway "possessed of a spirit of divination," reads books out of the back of her head, makes excursions to the moon, and "brings her masters much gain by soothsaying;" or the world is coming to an end; or "the heavens shine supernaturally, and an ox has spoken." But why attempt to enumerate the proximate causes of these epidemics? If it were not one thing, it would be another. The disease is in human nature. It is difficult to avoid the infection, when, if we remain calm or aloof, we are denounced as cold, averse to progress, indifferent to the welfare of our race, irreligious, even impious; and meet at every corner enthusiasts, wild as Thyades,

* * * ubi audito stimulant trieterica Baccho
Orgia, nocturnusque vocat clamore Cithæron.

But do not suffer yourselves to be moved from your onward studies. History, as you know, is full of such instances. The Scripture, "given by inspiration of God," "that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works," has scarcely left any ethical secret to be discovered by the genius of our late philanthropy. The inner rows of old European libraries are crowded with volumes of eager controversy, painfully written upon questions, the very mention of which now excites pitiful laughter. Our beloved country has ten times multiplied her strength, and promises more fairly than ever to survive the re-

sults of general elections. Mesmerism, or something very like it, is as old as Aristotle, if we may believe a fragment of Proclus.* The earth has crushed many Millers, and will crush many more, in her revolutions to attain her final destiny; while every page of Julius Obsequens de Prodigijs, will give the pattern of any alleged eccentricity from common laws.

Neither have the vanity to think that you can do anything to oppose or correct the prevailing madness. Wait (and you need not wait long) till the paroxysm be over. You cannot put a strait jacket on a whole community, though they may send you to Bedlam for the attempt. A wise man, when it storms, does not stay to chide the north wind, or reason with the hail, but quietly shuts himself up in his library. He will not think that the sky is falling, because the black electric clouds are thundering low and loud. He knows that, as the clear stars are shining on behind the tumults of our mundane atmosphere, the great principles of truth are fixed, radiant and harmonious. Be this your faith and your practice; then, at the proper season, you may do good to the errorist, blushing over his follies, who would never forgive you, if he knew that you had been near when the fit was on him. It would have been well for him who gives this counsel, if he had always followed his own rule. *Piscator ictus sapit.*

Still, there is such an intimate connexion between them, that our reason cannot act rightly, at least upon moral questions, except our hearts be cultivated. We must learn from sympathy with our kind what our nature really is; and mark how our common passions, infirmities, and sinful tendencies develop themselves in circumstances differing from those in which we are placed. There is a little world in every man's breast, and his life is an abridged history of the race. We shall find much to shock us, and, therefore, to humble us; but also much to pity and love, which will make us more kind. We shall think worse of human nature in general, but become less uncharitable toward erring individuals; and feel more strongly the obligation upon us to do all we can for the removal of evil, while we are driven to dependence upon the grace of God for success. The best teacher that ever taught, took upon Him our nature, that from a personal sense of our infirmities in his human heart, which ached with all our sorrows, his divine wisdom might succor us according to our temptations. His example shows, that separateness from sinners is not seclusion from the world, and that, although we are to come out from it, we must mingle with our fellow-men to do them good. The rule of the Christian should be the method of the student.

Scarcely less necessary to soundness of mind are

* "That it is possible for the soul to depart from and enter into the body, is evident from him who, according to Clearchus, in his Treatise on Sleep, used a soul-attracting wand on a sleeping lad, and persuaded Aristotle that the soul may be separated from the body, and that it enters into the body and uses it as a lodging. For, striking the lad with the wand, he drew out, and, as it were, led his soul, for the purpose of evincing that the body was immovable, when the soul was at a distance from it, and that it was preserved uninjured; but the soul being led again into the body, by means of the wand, after its entrance, narrated every particular." The MS. Commentary of Proclus on the Tenth Book of the Republic, quoted by Taylor in his Fragments of Proclus. The translation does not seem precise or happy. Those who have Taylor's translation of the Republic at hand, may find the original among the notes.

good personal habits. Compounded as we are of matter and spirit, the soul energizing through animal organs, the mind is always hurtfully affected by an ill-condition of body, or greatly assisted by its well-ordered vigor. Care of his health is, therefore, a student's duty, not only because unfaithfulness to a charge so precious would be a degree of suicide, but because without it his intellectual faculties will be weakened and deranged. We hear every day of studious men, breaking down, as it is called, from the supposed effects of application to books; and many are deterred from mental labor by fear of shortening their lives. If slender, they think themselves too feeble for literary toil; if robust, requiring more active employment. But the truth is, there are very few instances of health destroyed by study itself. Too scanty use of water, want of proper exercise, and excess of food, are the chief causes of those morbid affections which trouble zealous scholars. Different temperaments and constitutions demand different treatment, but every one should adapt his regimen to his circumstances. It is preposterous to spend eight or ten hours a day in a library, and live like a ploughman or a courtier.

A student often complains of an unaccountable dulness, when, with every disposition to apply himself, he can accomplish nothing, and his brain seems in a fog of confused ideas. Perhaps, on inquiring of his memory, he will be told that for many days past he has washed only his face and hands, as if the show of cleanliness were the end of it. In such cases, of all remedies for his stupidity, water is the best, especially if he add to it a common compound of oil and alkali, and apply it briskly by an equally common bristly implement. He will rise from his bath renovated, with a consciousness, next to a good conscience the most happy, of having done his person as much justice as the laundress does his linen, who plunges not only those parts which will be visible, but the whole, in a capacious vessel,* nor ceases her exertions until the cleansing be thorough and complete. Every pore being thus unclogged, and the action of the skin stimulated, the mind, which was sluggish for want of free breathing, will be cheerful and bright, the fancy active, the reason vigorous, and the judgment clear. He has gained time instead of losing it, by his lustration. The fountain Hippocrene was but twenty stadia from the residence of the muses.†

Another serious error is the neglect of physical exercise in a proper degree and kind. A shrewd observer of his countrymen has remarked, that Americans work hard only their brains and their stomachs, by which fact he accounts for the attenuation and angularity of form so frequent among us. It is difficult for the student to turn away from his books, when life is so short and science so vast; but it is poor economy to save a few hours by unfitting ourselves for future exertions. Many imagine that they do take pains in this respect, though, very often, after the consequences of former neglect have been fastened upon them; but, even then, the method of exercise is not adapted to the purpose. Sawing wood in a cellar, swinging

* "*Lobrum si in balineo non est, (fac) ut sit.*" Cic. Ep. ad Terentiam, 20.

† The reader will find this subject admirably treated in a volume on Baths, by an eminent medical authority—Doctor John Bell, of Philadelphia, whom the author has the honor to number among his kindest and most valued friends.

heavy weights in a room, or dragging themselves through long aimless walks, seems rather to fatigue the limbs than agitate the whole system. Besides the train of thought still goes on; there is nothing in such employment to relieve the mind, and the student returns unrefreshed, even tired, less disposed than before to the task of "taking exercise." Exercise, to be of service, must be enjoyed, and to be enjoyed, must have some aim, no matter what, so that it be innocent, which will occupy our thoughts pleasantly. There is a most perniciously false public opinion among us, which looks upon athletic amusements as undignified for intellectual men, and almost wicked for clergymen. People would be shocked to see grave black-coated personages engaged, like school-boys, in a game of ball, or contending with each other in pitching quoits; yet an occasional, even frequent, exercise of some such sort, would save many a promising young man from an early tomb, and prolong the usefulness of many prematurely old. "All work and no play," is as poor a maxim for the adult as the child; it makes the one dull as it does the other; for we are but "children of a larger growth." Constant sedentariness impairs the action of mind. Our thoughts become too abstract, unnatural, and often gloomy. The brain takes the tone of the stomach. Some starve it, thereby to obviate the necessity of exercise, and grow light-headed or visionary; others overload it, and grow confused, melancholic, or ill-tempered. It has been observed, that wars involving lasting mischief to great nations, have arisen from a ministerial despatch having been written during a fit of indigestion. Dryden's favorite inspiration, when wishing to do better than usual, was a strong saline draught; and a very eminent English statesman resorted to a similar mode of clearing his head. It is more than probable that hurtful theories are often promulgated in books, whose authors labor under similar difficulties without taking means to remove them, which pleasant out-door exercise might do. If so, to abstain from it is a sin against ourselves and the world.

Here is the secret of that sound, clear-headed vigor, for which Scotch intellect is so notable. The Oxford and Cambridge fellows and doctors, seldom stirring beyond the limits of their shaded quadrangles, or moving but in the slow-paced dignity of gown and office, reason for the actual world, of which they know little and cannot sympathize with, from mediæval precedents, or patristical authorities, and turn up their vellum-colored noses at all who will not swear in the words of their masters. The German scholar, scarcely less confined to academic limits, will most likely famish on a biscuit a-day, or gorge himself with sour-cROUT and black beer, though working two thirds of the twenty-four hours, the effects of which, among immense contributions to learning, are seen in thoughts drawn out to their utmost ductility, or in heavy lucubrations upon minute particulars. But the Scotch, even when gray with age, lays his volume or pen aside, gladly to join in his ancestral game of *golf*, or to *curl* the stone upon the ice, or following the clear stream, to fill his creel with finny spoils; and returns to his books, sturdy in body and happy in spirit.

It may not be so with feeble constitutions, but for those in health violent exercise before study is not advisable. The excitement is too high, and the hand trembles as its fingers close upon the pen. Still, occasions should be sought to put

every muscle into full action. Among out-door recreations, none has been a greater favorite with studious men of Great Britain, because none is more suited to quiet habits, fondness for retirement, and love of nature, than angling, not in the sea, but in brooks or rivers, where the genus *Salmo* abounds. A catalogue of men illustrious in every department of knowledge, who have refreshed themselves for farther useful toil by this "gentle art," as its admirers delight to call it, would be very long; and those who would charge them with trifling, perhaps worse, might, with some modesty, reconsider a censure which must include Izaak Walton, the pious biographer of pious men; Dryden, Thomson, Wordsworth, and many more among the poets; Paley, Wollaston, and Nowel, among theologians; Henry Mackenzie, (the Man of Feeling,) and Professor Wilson, the poet, scholar and essayist; Sir Humphrey Davy, author of *Salmonia*; Emmerson the geomotrician; Rennie the zoologist; Chantrey the sculptor, and a host of others, who prove that such a taste is not inconsistent with religion, genius, industry or usefulness to mankind. It has been remarked, that they, who avail themselves of this exercise moderately, (for as one says, "make not a profession of a recreation, lest it should bring a cross wish on the same,"*) and are temperate, attain, generally, an unusual age. Henry Jenkins lived to a hundred and sixty-nine years, and angled when a score past his century; Walton died upwards of ninety; Nowell at ninety-five, and Mackenzie at eighty-six. "Such frequent instances of longevity among anglers," says a writer on the subject, "cannot have been from accident, or from their having originally stronger stamina than other mortals. Their pursuits by the side of running streams, whose motion imparts increased vitality to the air; their exercise regular without being violent, and that composure of mind so necessary to the health of the body, to which this amusement so materially contributes, must all have had an influence upon their physical constitution, the effect of which is seen in the duration of their lives."†

Studious men, who live in the country, are more advantageously situated; but he, who is pent up in a town, vexed by the excitements of the day, and driven, in spite of himself, to late and irregular hours, could get profit every way, if at times he would seek the purer air, free from the city's smoke, and with his rod as a staff, climb the hills, and ply his quiet art in the brooks that wash the mountain side, or wander through the green valleys, shaded by the willow and the tasselled alder: "Atte leest," says the Lady Juliana Berners, "he hath his holosome walke and mery at his ease; a swete ayre of the swete savore of the meede floures, that makyth hym hungry. He heereth the melodious armony of fowles. He seeth the yonge swannes, heerons, duckes, cotes, and many other fowles, wyth theyr brodes. And yf he take fysshe; surely, thenne, is there noo man merier than he is in his spyryte."‡ Nor

* Experienced Angler, by Col. Robert Venables (afterwards Commander in chief of the Parliamentary forces in Ulster.) London, 1662. Chap. X., Obs. 23.

† Scenes and Recollections of Fly Fishing, &c., by Stephen Oliver, the Younger, p. 25.

‡ *The Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle*, (attributed, though erroneously, to Dame Julian de Berners, Prioress of Sopewell Nunnery in Herefordshire, first printed by Wynkyn de Worde in the Boke of St. Albans, 1496, forty-four years before the first classic (Tully's Epis-

should he forget the best of books in his pocket, and a few well-chosen jewels of truth to give away, as he enjoys the simple fare of some upland cottage, or chats with the secluded inmates during the soft twilight, before he asks a blessing upon the household for the night. After a few days of such communion, *sibi et Deo*, among the pleasant works of his Maker, and a grateful sense of rustic hospitality, he will go home a more healthy man in mind, body and heart. This advice is given soberly, earnestly and conscientiously, as the fruit of experience. If any should follow it, and be afterwards chided for wasting time by those who prefer dyspepsia to common sense, let no answer be given. A sour stomach, and, its miserable accompaniment, a sour temper, are their own punishment.

No exercise, however, that a student can use, will counteract the effects of much animal food. An error of the people in this country, more than in any other civilized part of the globe, is being too carnivorous. Other persons may decide for themselves as they choose, but we should be content with a simple diet, nutritious, yet as little stimulating as possible. The command to Peter, "Kill and eat," is a sufficient refutation of those pretenders to be wise above what is written, who, because their own gastric functions are as weak as their brains, would reduce all men to bran bread and slops; but meat more than once a day should not pass a student's lips, and not much then. According to modern notions, the end of temperance is to keep people from getting drunk; the apostle Paul thought it to be, "keeping the body under;" but what right has he, who eats heartily of meat at breakfast, repeats the enormity at dinner, and again at supper, to expect that his humors will not be thick, his brain muddy, his passions insurgent, and his ideas gross; especially, if he sit at his desk for many hours! This indulgence of appetite is, in nine cases out of ten, at the bottom of the student's brain fever or disordered digestion. Many commence their studies when past early youth, after having practised some trade or active calling, and, anxious to overtake (les) was printed at Oxford. It was from this treatise that Izaak Walton took the hint and plan for his well known "Complete Angler," a hundred and fifty years later; and, as the editor of Pickering's edition says, "In piety and virtue; in the inculcation of morality; in an ardent love for the art, and still more in that placid and Christian spirit for which the amiable Walton was so conspicuous, the early writer was scarcely his inferior."

them, they devote themselves with unremitting zeal to their books, but do not change their habits at table. Nay, not aware that, from sympathy of the stomach with the brain, mental industry produces a morbid appetite, they eat with increased voracity. Soon their color grows sallow, their shoulders stoop from lassitude, they become emaciated and sad, make some sickly efforts to do good, and then creep into an early grave. "Poor fellow!" exclaim the friendly mourners, "he died a victim of studious zeal." No such thing! Let the epitaph-maker chisel upon the stone, for the warning of others, "Died of too much meat."

Nature teaches us better. All summer long she gives us a succession of fresh fruits and vegetables, leaving for our winter's store others which last us till summer comes again. The charter to Noah, the wisdom of which we may not doubt, did include animal food; but we should remember that the diet of man in Paradise and purity, was wholly vegetable.

This also, if you will take it, is the advice of one who has been himself, for years, a close student, at times an excessive student, and, what is most trying of all, a night student; yet, with a constitution much better fitted to sling a sledge or follow a plough, he has never experienced any serious inconvenience, fairly attributable to study; which, he thinks, is owing to a very simple and moderate, but not whimsically abstemious, diet, particularly as to the use of animal food.

Gentlemen, much more might be said in vindication of our pursuits, but it would be unfair to tax your courteous patience any farther. Ours is indeed a noble calling. All antiquity speaks to us; let us speak to all posterity. What we have received from God, it would impoverish us to withhold, but will enrich us to impart. Let it be our constant care to cultivate the best wisdom, that as we receive light from on high, we may, in our turn, shed the true light upon the world around us. In a little while, the fashions, the riches, the empty pleasures, and the tinsel honors of this life, will have passed away. We can carry with us into eternity nothing, of which the soul is not the treasury. We shall never all meet together again in this world; but we shall meet before the judgment. Then may each of us be able to present, through the Intercessor, something done by His grace, worthy of our immortal powers, useful to our fellow-men, and glorifying to our Maker! God bless you!

HOW SHALL I MEET THEE?

I.

How shall I meet thee?—With the trust,
The free, fond trust of other years!
With the deep, fervent joy that must
Express itself in silent tears:—
With eager grasp, and gladden'd tone,
Such smiles as for our childhood shone!
No!—Friendship blooms no more for us,
'T is long since I have met thee thus!

II.

How shall I meet thee?—With the blush
That kindles at thine earnest gaze,
While quick thoughts o'er my spirit rush,—
The quivering lip my heart betrays:

With voice whose faltering accents breathe
The trembling joy that lurks beneath?
No:—Such vain dreams are not for us,
I do not wish to meet thee thus.

III.

How shall I meet thee?—With an eye
That hath no brightness, yet no tears;
With heedless tone and cold reply,
The chilling garb indifference wears;
With sadden'd heart yet careless mien,
Revealing nought of what has been?
Yes! changes sad have alter'd us
Alas! that I must meet thee thus!

New Monthly Magazine.

From the Critic.

Autobiography of Heinrich Zschokke. London, 1845. Chapman & Hall.

HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE, although still alive, and enjoying the honors won by a life devoted to the service of his fellow-men, belongs to a past generation, and his memoirs carry us back to times and events that have already become the property of history. To English ears the name will be unfamiliar; for, as yet, Englishmen have condescended to a very slight acquaintance with the literature and the literary men of their neighbors. But this indifference is happily passing away; and as familiarity with the productions of foreign genius extends at home, so will the name of Heinrich Zschokke become more and more known and honored.

The publication of his autobiography will much help to spread his reputation, and attract attention to the other productions of his capacious intellect. It is in itself a work of extraordinary interest, abounding in curious and instructive matter. It is the candid revelation of a mind that can afford to be honest, and that tells with the simplicity of truth alike of its weaknesses and its virtues, its failings and its triumphs. It is rich in lessons of practical wisdom; it is invaluable as inciting, by example, to that self-denial without which there can be no gain, and for that self-reliance without which there can be no greatness. Such a mind resolutely struggling against the disadvantages of low birth and narrow fortune—educating itself by force of its own industry and resolute will—rising by degrees above the depression of circumstances—mastering its own fate by its own stern resolves, and finally asserting for itself its superiority over all artificial distinctions, and having its claims recognized by the world, is a spectacle, the contemplation of which must be a wholesome and delightful occupation.

Heinrich Zschokke was born at Magdeburg in 1771. Both his parents died before he was ten years old, and he was consigned to the care of persons who had no sympathy for his tastes, which exhibited themselves at a very early age. He was thoughtful, pensive, retiring, and almost shy. He loved to walk, and read, and write alone; and because he preferred the promptings of his own active mind to the tasks of the schoolmasters, he was pronounced idle and dull, and was even expelled from one of the schools, lest his example should infect the other scholars. He thus pictures the sufferings of his childhood:—

"Whenever I mentioned strange fancies like these to those around me, I was harshly reproached, and my childish expressions were called mad or blasphemous; or, what wounded me more than the bitterest reproaches, I was unmercifully laughed at. I became timid and silent, but did not give up my theories, because I had no others offered to me to supply their place. And when gradually my busy boyish brain spun new cobwebs and castles in the air, nobody knew or cared any more about it, for I never said anything more on the subject. I was considered as a wrong-headed fellow, who would never come to any good; as an untaught, idle, untidy little vagabond, giving to laughing and crying at improper times and places; now credulous even to silliness, now mistrustful, to my own detriment; sometimes obstinate, sometimes foolishly docile. In all this there was, doubtless, a good deal of truth; but I remained what I

was, because nobody took the trouble to understand me. Whenever I wanted an explanation for anything, I had to invent one for myself. What appeared important and serious to other people, often seemed insignificant and ludicrous to me. Forms of politeness, empty compliments, stiff ceremonies, and social forms, were particularly obnoxious to me, and I considered them all so many forms of gross deceit. I had seen plenty of hypocrisy and servility in the daily intercourse of grown-up people with one another, and this made me skeptical as to all their professions. I became all the more silent and reserved, because my honest simplicity was everywhere matter of derision and laughter."

He had a brother and a sister, both his elders, who did not love him, and yet his heart burned for an object to love; he could not accommodate himself readily to their coarse habits and commonplace talk, and they could not understand his yearnings after books, and pens, and solitary musings. If he would not share their sitting-room, they would not give him candle and fire in his bedroom; and even when he had stealthily carved a lamp out of a turnip, the windows betrayed the student, and the luxury was taken from him. All this threw him backward upon himself, and luckily served only to give him self-reliance, where a lesser mind would have been soured and depressed forever. He complained of the unfriendly rule of his sister to his guardian, and, repulsed by him, he appealed to the government officer whose business it is to see that trustees do their duty. The appeal was successful; he was removed from the scene of his cares and sent to school. Here his mind speedily expanded under the influence of congenial minds. His master encouraged his tastes, and threw open his library to the unrestrained enjoyment of the youth.

"My old rector, Emeritus Elias Caspar Reichard, with whom I lived, and who is well known in the literary world as the unwearied translator of Latin, English, and Danish works without end, granted me free access to his learned retreat. This was a large, gloomy, ill-lighted room, surrounded by well-filled book-shelves. In the midst of these sat the deaf old man, from morning till night, at a large table loaded with folios and octavos, and made himself amends for the loss of intercourse with the living by familiarity with the thoughts and languages of the dead. He was then employed at his continuation of Hauber's 'Bibliotheca Magica, for the Destruction of Superstition.' Yet the good man, as I soon found, was himself not quite free from the diseases he professed to cure. It is not easy to dust anything without becoming dusty. He occasionally used me as his journeyman while occupied over his learned works; sometimes I was to translate single passages for him; sometimes to compress the quintessence of some voluminous folio into a small compass. I readily did this, and was rewarded by free permission to range unchecked in the fertile wilderness of his library. With insatiable hunger I devoured whatever chance or curiosity threw in my way, without choice or discrimination; poetry, astronomy, philosophy, geography, history, theology, and fiction. I wrote out for myself many volumes full of extracts. The life of the rector appeared to me the most enviable on earth. I resolved that I too would become a learned man, and would earn for myself an enduring name in the world. In Reichard's works I saw with proud

complacency much of my own work printed word for word. I read these passages over and over again, with a curious fervor of admiration: the very letters seemed to me more beautiful than those of other words."

A reading so miscellaneous as this has been often reprobated as worthless, if not actually pernicious. We are not of that opinion. There is a period in the life of the mind having literary tastes when indiscriminate reading is essential to its healthfulness. It is the season when the emotions and the imagination are in bloom, and thought, more tardy of growth, is just budding. Each needs its own element. The stores of poetry and of fiction—the pomp of words—the harmony of numbers attract the one; the other, as it unfolds day by day, is enchanted by the long, dim, mystical vistas that open to it on every side, all of which it pants to explore. At this era of the mind's history, books and their contents are novelties; every new page is a new treasure, and there is neither weariness nor disappointment. It is only when we have devoured many books, that we begin to find how much of them are mere repetitions one of another; how largely poetry is made of a conventional language which has sound, but no substance; how much of formula there is—how little of originality. In that omnivorous reading-fit, the young mind stores away huge piles of information, which lie there unregarded and forgotten until accident demands its use, at some distant period, when out it comes fresh from its hiding-place, a prompt, vigorous, and invaluable ally. We never have seen or heard of an indiscriminate reader in his youth who did not turn out a mind of larger capacity and more practical usefulness than the most systematic student that ever lived. The one becomes, perhaps, a better scholar, which usually means a greater pedant, but the other is the greater MAN.

Moreover, like all who *both* read and think, Zschokke began by plunging into skepticism. This seems to be the inevitable road to the truths of religion with all who are not content to take a creed upon trust. First doubt, then unbelief, then larger views, a glimmering of light from the invisible world, a faith in things not seen, and finally heaven revealed. But from the beginning of this painful pilgrimage, Zschokke endured the struggle between feeling and principle, which all who have felt will admit to be the severest trial of the thoughtful mind. He wished to believe, but could not; he abhorred his unbelief, but it clung to him. The wisdom that reconciles faith and reason is slow in coming, and it had not yet thrown its light into the glooms of his troubled spirit.

Still he struggled onwards. His hopes were now centred in the university. But he was told that he was too young. He replied that Magdeburg was too small for him, and in the pride of his self-confidence he resolved to quit it, and throw himself upon the world. He wandered about the country gaining a precarious livelihood partly by teaching, partly as a strolling player and dramatic poet, not, however, relaxing his pursuit of learning, for even then he mastered the Hebrew language. At the end of two years he tired of a wandering life, and entered himself at the University of Frankfort-on-the-Oder.

A remarkable fact is here disclosed by the candor of the autobiographer. He registered himself for the faculty of theology, although still retaining

his skepticism. But his studies were as diversified as usual. He dived into philosophy, read jurisprudence, mastered many of the sciences. Nor was his pen idle. During his university life he wrote several works, among them poems and dramas, one of which was of the most popular plays of its time, and at the age of twenty-two he took degrees and honors.

The great object of his young ambition obtained, he paid a visit to Magdeburg, where he was received with much favor, and was so popular as a preacher, that he was tempted to remain there for some months. But his love of change was still upon him. He again returned to the university and became a private tutor with great success. His account of himself when preaching, as at that period he did, a creed he disbelieved, is full of instruction, for the excuses he framed are the very same with which thousands who do likewise seek to quiet their own consciences.

THE SKEPTIC IN THE PULPIT: MAGDEBURG.

"I may remark, that I never entered the pulpit but in the most solemn glow of emotion, with a fervent resolution to kindle into pious enthusiasm the hearts of my hearers. In the pulpit, doubt and terror vanished; I rejoiced in the sunshine of faith, like the most earnest Christian. I endeavored to speak in that tone of respectful compassion and tender pity with which I fancied that Christ must have regarded his ignorant and benighted fellow-mortals. My only object was to awaken and improve my hearers. I was too much possessed by my feelings to become a dry teacher of morality, and too keenly alive to the absurdities of creeds to become a fruitless doctrinal orator. As the announcer of eternal truths and hopes, standing in perfect harmony with the laws of nature and reason, whose disciple I was, I thought it no sin to clothe these in biblical phrases and doctrines, which in my heart I disbelieved. My readers will probably wonder how I, with my doubts and more than doubts, could dare to enter a Christian pulpit—nay, could even pray with an appearance of fervor which won the sympathy of my congregation, and could address them boldly and zealously on religious topics. Yet I was no hypocrite. I said to myself that the grown man must bend to children before he can raise them to him. I remembered that Christ himself frequently used the language of Israelitish prejudice and custom; that Paul condescended to adopt the phrases of those whom he wished to convince; and that thousands of noble-minded men, to whom I could not venture to apply the name of hypocrites, are still in these enlightened days compelled to do the same."

After three years thus spent at the university, he felt a desire to see more of the world, and he set forth on a sort of tour through Germany, France, Switzerland, and Italy. At this time the French revolution was stirring Europe to its centre. Like all the best spirits of the time, he was at first flushed with the expectation of a reign of human happiness under the protection of liberty and equality; like them, he was doomed to speedy disappointment. In Switzerland he found the people grovelling in superstition; in Paris, running riot in license.

"Paris and Schlaberdorf destroyed my dreams of republican felicity. In the old Swiss aristocracies I had seen mere withered formality held together only by the united selfishness of nobles, ecclesiastics, and civic dignitaries; in the French

republic, nothing but a caricature of freedom, formed by the juxtaposition of anarchy and despotism. The huge superscriptions of the public buildings expressed the condition of the world-capital with bitter satire. '*Liberté, Égalité*,' was everywhere the word; but beside the desecrated names grinned out the mocking addition, '*ou la mort!*' through the thin veil of white paint recently drawn over it. Freedom and equality, guarded by cavalry and infantry, with loaded cannons and files of troops before the gates of the directorial palace itself, was the most impious of lies."

On his way to Italy, he was stopped by an accident at Berne. To pass the time, he called on Nesemann, the Principal of Reichenau. The institution was declining, and an offer was made to him to purchase it. He did so, and by his zeal and ability speedily restored its reputation and its pupils. But his attention was not limited to his own affairs. He exerted himself in the spread of education, and wrote some popular treatises on political affairs, for which he was formally admitted as a citizen of his adopted country. In the civil broils that followed he was involved, and was compelled to fly, and the opposite party gratified their vengeance by affixing his "name and picture" on a gallows as a significant hint how they would treat the original if they could catch him.

But the tide soon turned. He was elected governor of Unterwalden soon after it had been desolated by the French, and his exertions to retrieve the miseries of the people were unrewarded. A letter written at this period admirably exhibits the energetic character of the man.

"The Duke of Chartres was schoolmaster at Reichenau before me, and now the simple schoolmaster has been made, not duke, indeed, but consul. Such is revolution! I am well contented with the tricks of fortune, and can testify, on my own experience, that the so-called grievous burden of greatness is not so very insupportable after all. Yet, I can assure you, my dignity is no sinecure. I sit all day either on horseback, at my writing-table, or in the council-chamber; I hear reports and pleadings, issue orders, review troops. More than one night I have only been able to lie down for an hour or two in my clothes. I believe that a man with pure intentions, and provided with a little general intelligence, firmness, and knowledge of the world, who is determined to see everything with his own eyes, and knows how to animate the activity of others by his own activity, may always do some good at the head of a state. The hands, feet, talents, and virtues of others, stand everywhere at his disposal. Like that of most statesmen, indeed, mine must be a very negative merit. I cannot create national happiness; I can only clear away a few hindrances here and there; the rest I must leave to the people themselves.

"Would that you were here, dear friend! It is not the ashes and the graves of Unterwalden, it is not the curses and the tears of the destitute, that sometimes sink my hopes almost to despair. But when I have daily before my eyes the causes of these things; the naked brutality of passion, the law-sanctioned stupidity and ignorance of the people, the ruthless Vandalism of the French, the irreligious fanaticism of all classes, and the universal trampling on all that is truly divine in humanity—oh, how can I be otherwise than cast down! I dare not express what I feel.

"Yet, though I cannot often be very happy, you must not think me unhappy. A fresh youthful spirit, at peace with God and itself, is easily contented, and will quite as often smile as weep, at the mad doings and attempts of the world. And when I feel depressed, I am soon refreshed by conversation with Pastor Buesinger, and with Pestalozzi. I think I told you before, that the benevolent Pestalozzi has undertaken the charge and education of the orphans and poor children in the city of Stanz, being provided by government with money for the purpose. Pity it is that the genuine nobility of this man's nature will not stoop a little more to the petty conventionalities by which men are judged by the world; will not wear a neat coat or smooth hair, for instance. Then he would be generally respected and admired, without being envied; for talents and virtues are not objects of envy. When I came here no one would visit Pestalozzi at all. He was considered as a mere poor devil, or good-natured imbecile. On that account, I often walk arm-in-arm with him in public promenades and conspicuous places, by way of defiance to civic ultra-gentility. I also frequently act as his valet, brushing the rough hat and coat, or correcting the obliquely buttoned waistcoat, before we appear in public."

This stirring public life continued till Napoleon chose to settle the government of Switzerland according to his own fashion. Zschokke shortly afterwards married, and retired into private life in Canton Argau, and devoted himself to literary pursuits. He wrote histories of Switzerland and Bavaria, divers treatises on theology, having emerged from skepticism to religion; established a journal, and has lived to see his children's children, and to enjoy a sound mind in a sound body to his present age of seventy.

To us the most interesting part of his autobiography is the narrative of his early struggles; to the general reader, the most attractive will be that of his public life, which brought him in contact with so many of the most eminent personages of the time, of whom he has preserved some curious memorials, and many new anecdotes of the revolutionary war. Here is one:—

"The Austrian-general, Count Bey, endeavored a few weeks later to enter Unterwalden by the mountain-passes. It was a rainy day. The enemy was soon driven back with the loss of eight hundred prisoners. Among these prisoners was General Bey himself. An adjutant of Loison's, Captain Badin, had been his victorious opponent. Loison was, meanwhile, playing trietrac with me at Stanz; when, on receiving news of the victory, he mounted on horseback and hastened after his troops. During his absence, some French officers led a man in Austrian uniform before me, who had an old peasant's hat on his head, was covered with mud from top to toe, and, half frozen with snow and rain, was shivering in every limb. It was General Bey himself. After I had provided for his present wants by furnishing him from my own wardrobe with linen, clothes, and refreshment, he related to me the somewhat ridiculous mischance through which he had lost the battle and been taken prisoner. In order better to overlook the movements of his troops, he had climbed a neighboring hill; but on the wet slippery ground, he had lost his balance, and, rolling down the opposite side, he at length found himself at the feet of some French drummers and soldiers, who were leisurely conversing with one another. They raised him very civilly, quietly took away his

sword and money, declining, however, the proffered watch, and then led him before Captain Badin. Such is the fortune of war! Loison reaped all the glory and profit of the day by merely playing trictrac at home; Captain Badin remained Captain Badin."

And another, illustrating the fearful consequences of familiarizing men with scenes of slaughter:—

MILITARY AMUSEMENT.

"However fierce was the fury of General Loison on learning this atrocity, [the murder of a soldier,] it never hurt his conscience at all to shed innocent human blood, for no reason or use whatever, so long as the enemies of France alone were the sufferers. He was riding one day for amusement with me, near the village of Treil, on the shores of the Waldstätter Lake, where a French battery was stationed; in the village on the opposite side of the lake the Austrians were encamped. In order to amuse me by making the Austrian troops march out, he ordered grenades to be thrown into their camp. On both sides cannonading began; and I distinctly saw through the telescope two men fall in the ranks of the Austrians before I could persuade the laughing general to stop his murderous game. Another day, Lecourbe had despatched his general-adjutant, Porson, towards Schwyz, with troops from Lucerne, to destroy an Austrian battery and carry off its boats. I went across the lake with Loison to witness the encounter. The fight was already begun, and the enemy driven back into the village. Whilst Loison, tired out by the heat of the sun, enjoyed his noonday nap under the shade of a tree, I went on among wounded men and corpses to Insgebohl, in order to be nearer the place of action. The sole gain at last consisted of a couple of bad boats and a small field-piece. After the heroic deed was accomplished, I enquired somewhat bitterly of Loison, as we returned, 'And is it for the sake of this paltry booty that so many lives have been sacrificed on both sides?' He stared at my ignorance, and replied, 'Oh, no! Don't you know, it's all for Porson's sake, that he may get favorably noticed in the next army bulletin?' Thus it was for the sake of one man's paltry ambition that so many had suffered and died. The consciences of pious barbarians are reconciled to every atrocity by a few superstitious ceremonies; those of *civilized* barbarians, by the thought of gold or *glory*."

With the following summary of his experience of a long life, divided between action and reflection, valuable as the conclusions of a man who has both seen much and thought deeply, we will conclude this imperfect notice of a work that deserves to be largely read and which is peculiarly fitted for the book-club.

"I have had, like every other mortal, my portion of the burden of human sorrow. The first weight of an affliction might shake or bear me down for a moment, as it might any man, but with increased elasticity of spirit I rose again, and bore my appointed burden without murmuring; I will say more, although ordinary people may shake their heads incredulously. An earthly sorrow was not even always unwelcome. It weaned me from too great trust on the transitory, and made known to me the degree of strength and self-reliance which I yet retained in the season of the passions.

"There is—of this I am, and have long been thoroughly convinced—no evil in the world but sin! The consciousness of guilt alone spins the

black threads that run through the many-colored web of life even to the grave. Not God is the creator of our woes, but man himself, in his self-pampering, in his over-estimation of pompous nothingness, his fostering of selfish desires. He cries like a child who cannot have everything its own way, and at seventy years of age is not yet a man. He weeps, and complains, and despairs, because God does not *obey him*. But every external misfortune is as worthy a gift of God as every external good. I too, like other men, have suffered from the most barefaced ingratitude; but I suffered without repining, for I had not acted as I had done for the sake of their gratitude. Friends have deceived me; I felt no anger against them, I had deceived myself in them. I bore misconception and persecution calmly, because I knew how discordant were opinions, and how vehement their attendant passions. The hardships of poverty I have endured without a sigh; I had learned, from my own experience, that outward poverty brings inward wealth. I have known the loss of moderate, but hardly-earned wealth; such losses never embittered a single day; they only taught me to work and be economical. I have been the happy father of happy children; twelve sons and a daughter were mine, and I have sat with a bleeding heart by the death-bed of four of these sons. I felt in the last breath they drew, that 'divine sorrow' which illumines the soul."

LORD, when thou shalt visit me with a sharp disease, I fear I shall be impatient, for I am choleric by my nature, and tender by my temper, and have not been acquainted with sickness all my lifetime. I cannot expect any kind usage from that which hath been a stranger unto me. I fear I shall rave and rage. O whither will my mind sail, when distemper shall steer it? whither will my fancy run, when diseases shall ride it? My tongue, which of itself is a fire, sure will be a wildfire when the furnace of my mouth is made seven times hotter with a burning fever. But Lord, though I should talk idly to my own shame, let me not talk wickedly to thy dishonor. Teach me the art of patience whilst I am well, and give me the use of it when I am sick. In that day either lighten my burden or strengthen my back. Make me, who so often, in my health, have discovered my weakness presuming on my own strength, to be strong in sickness when I solely rely on thy assistance.—*Fuller*.

LORD, I do discover a fallacy, whereby I have long deceived myself,—which is this: I have desired to begin my amendment from my birthday, or from the first day of the year, or from some eminent festival, that so my repentance might bear some remarkable date. But when those days were come, I have adjourned my amendment to some other time. Thus, whilst I could not agree with myself when to start, I have almost lost the running of the race. I am resolved thus to befool myself no longer. I see no day to to-day, the instant time is always the fittest time. In Nebuchadnezzar's image, the lower the members, the coarser the metal; the farther off the time, the more unfit. To-day is the golden opportunity, to-morrow will be the silver season, next day but the brazen one, and so long, till at last I shall come to the toes of clay, and be turned to dust. Grant therefore that to-day I may hear thy voice. And if this day be obscure in the calendar, and remarkable in itself for nothing else, give me to make it memorable in my soul thereupon, by thy assistance, beginning the reformation of my life.—*Fuller*.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

THE following admirable speech was delivered by Mr. Escott at a meeting of farmers, on the occasion of the Ilminster Ploughing Match, and received with shouts of applause—

"Lord Ashley is tainted with that which is the feeling of so many county members, or, if not their feeling, it is the mode in which they speak and write. He writes of the corn law as given up, but then he describes its loss as a blow, and a blow, in another place, destructive of the prosperity of his constituents. Why surely, if the noble lord thinks this, then the House of Commons is the place where he and others who think the same should ward off the blow. ('Hear,' and cheers.) Lord Ashley is quite right in saying the corn law is given up, but how can he be right in submitting quietly to allow his constituents to suffer heavy blows? (Cheers.) Gentlemen, the truth is, and it had better be spoken plainly, it is the conduct of the special representatives of what they call agricultural opinions which has precipitated the fall of this corn law. (Tremendous cheering.) Why, I have sat in the House of Commons and heard a gentleman, a worthy friend of my own—pure in character, high in fortune, and station, *harangue the representatives of the people by the hour, on the low price of beef, mutton, veal and lamb, ('hear,' and great laughter,) and do this avowedly for the purpose of supporting agriculture, and propping up protection* (hear, hear;) *in other words, arraying the supposed interests of agriculture against the real interests of the people,* (cheers;) whereas I always thought that the only way to maintain any system of protection was to show, if you can, that the interests of the community required it, and that the friends of the farmer are the friends of the consumer. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, so soon as I heard that speech and others of a similar, though none quite of so monstrous a tendency, and so indiscreet in its expression, I felt, as Lord Ashley feels, that *the game of protection was up. This was an attempt to maintain a contest with the bellies of the people.* (Great laughter and cheers.) But I differ with Lord Ashley in one important respect. I dread no blow. I think the change is inevitable, but I do not despond for the result. (Cheers.) It is true things might have been better if we could have foreseen all that has happened. Late last session I gave a notice for the admission of Indian corn (the very best food for stock) free of duty. Oh, if that measure could have been carried last session what a blessing would it have been for the country! ('Hear,' and 'No.') I hear some gentlemen dispute that opinion. Now, consider for a moment. We import the fat beast and give the Dutch grazer the profit and the Dutch farmer the manure. Why on earth should we not import the food which is to fatten our own, (hundreds were starving last March and April,) and keep to ourselves the profit of the grazer, and nourish our own crops with the increased manure. (Loud cheers, and cries of 'That's common sense.') Common sense, says some gentleman; yes, it is, indeed, common sense; and that is what the secretary of state has said of the wise course in which we are proceeding. Lord Ashley is, indeed, right on one point; *when the leading men of all parties are agreed to support common sense, it must be very uncommon nonsense that can prevail against them.* (Laughter and cheers.) I have thought it right to speak openly. I have wondered how it is that at so many of these dinners so little or nothing is said

of the great question. One recommends better farming, another advises the granting of leases, but both forget the fact that better farming requires capital and security, (great cheering,) and the other fact, that the security of leases can never be generally obtained while there is uncertainty about these laws of importation. (Cheers.) Let us all, then, endeavor to meet the times, not by concealing the truth, but by preparing for its inevitable conclusions; it will be thus that temporary difficulties will be surmounted, as they have been surmounted before, by the kindness and consideration of some, by the energy and unfettered enterprise of others, and for myself, I feel very grateful that you, to whom I owe no public allegiance, and have no concessions to make or votes to regret, have allowed me to express to men whom I respect, something of my own convictions on the greatest public question of the day.

"The whole company then rose and cheered tumultuously for some minutes."—*Examiner.*

THE WAR IN THE CAUCASUS.—After the lamentable experience which Prince Woronzow has had during his last campaign, he no longer conceals his opinion that the offensive system must be abandoned, and the former mode of blockade resumed. He likewise recommends that commercial relations should be undertaken with the hitherto indomitable tribes of the Tschertschenses. The prince expressed his opinion on several occasions at Teflis in presence of some officers of superior rank. "We," said Prince Woronzow, "are not yet sufficiently established on our line of operations to continue the war in the interior of the mountains with success. We must first fortify our positions on the banks of the Terek and of the Suadga. The difficulties of the ground are insurmountable, and they, in fact, surpass the description which I had received of them. I can now understand why the greatest conquerors, such as Timor, Peter the Great, and Nadir Schah, failed in all their attempts to subdue Daghestan and Lesghistan, and that they exhausted the immense means at their disposal. The most sanguinary attacks produced no result. Nature has constructed for those hardy mountaineers impregnable fortresses. The pacification of those tribes, and the establishment of Russian domination, must be the work of time. We must have patience, and pursue a system less sanguinary and more solid. Commercial intercourse, commenced with the natives, who, though a warlike race, are greedy of money, would produce better results than twenty campaigns." This candid avowal of the noble veteran, who was mistaken in his previous views, does him honor. But it is doubtful whether such a change of opinion will be agreeable to the Emperor Nicholas, who flattered himself with the opinion of completing a conquest which had baffled the most celebrated conquerors of the East. The total loss of the several divisions of the Russian army during the campaign of the present year amounted to 8,000 soldiers and 200 officers, according to the returns made by General Trasskin, the chief of the staff. The hospitals are filled with more than 2,000 wounded soldiers. The number of Russian soldiers who died of fever during the last six months may be estimated at 5,000 men, and the progress of the malady is far from being checked. Thus the total loss of the Russian army during the last campaign may be estimated at more than 13,000 men without counting the wounded.

From the Examiner, Nov. 1.

ABD-EL-KADER.

If a demon had laid a trap for the French, and baited it with the most false and tinsel shreds of glory, in order to entice them into a war, in which they were to lose prudence, character, resources, allies, and all which it behoved them to keep, he could have found nothing so completely to his purpose as Algiers. There is no need of depicting the barrenness of the region, it being the very nature of the climate and soil to give mere sustenance to a race of the fewest wants. The idea of extracting tribute, or soldiers, or profit of any kind from such, could only have emanated from the same brains from which issued the ordonnances of July, 1830. Russia petted Charles the tenth, and encouraged him to conquer Algiers. How delighted must Russia then and now be with her success, in turning the current of French arms and ambition from the continent and the Rhine to the great desert of Africa, its no-rivers, and its indomitable tribes. It is not merely the bootlessness of the task, which the French have undertaken, that delights Eastern Europe, but the knowledge that it is this new African policy which has more than any other question or event turned the minds and efforts of the French from jealousy of Russia to jealousy of England, and to naval rather than military competition.

It is surprising how France has been driven into this system against the wish of Louis Philippe, as well as against that of every statesman in the country. The first who spoke against Algeria were so overwhelmed with unpopularity, that the wisest felt it prudent not to face such a torrent, but rather to derive strength from going with it. M. Thiers could not afford to give such an advantage to his rivals as to be anti-Algerine. M. Guizot felt the same necessity, and thus that next best policy to abandoning the conquest, viz., the limiting occupation to the sea-board, became itself impossible, and France has gone on, amidst the approbation of public and press, to direct her 100,000 men against the African desert and its tribes.

Anything more impolitic could scarcely be imagined. This conquest rendered England ten times more jealous and mistrustful of France in other parts of the Mediterranean—in Alexandria and Syria for example; and thus led the way to those differences in 1840, which completed the political divorce of the two countries. The simultaneous pretension to reign at Algiers, domicile at Tunis, be omnipotent at Alexandria, and extend influence over the Lebanon and the Taurus, naturally aroused British mistrust, and flung us for a time and in a degree into the arms of Russia.

A greater source of mutual jealousy between England and France than even the pretension to make the Mediterranean a French lake, is to be found in the multiplication of the French naval force, which might indicate an intention to dispute not merely the Mediterranean, but the ocean. Even for this Algeria is chiefly to blame. Without Algeria France had no urgent necessity for a great naval force. She had no longer distant colonies of much worth to defend; she had small trade across the Atlantic, none round the great Capes. But the consciousness that she had 100,000 French soldiers in Africa, exposed in case of war to the fate of Menou in Egypt, convinced France of the necessity of a large naval force in the Mediterra-

nean; and this larger naval force is indeed required for transport as well as contingent defence. The supply of provisions, necessaries, of even fuel, and of men to Algeria, occupies no inconsiderable fleet all the year round, and has given more activity to the port of Marseilles and the dockyard of Toulon than any other cause.

If such have been the results of the French conquest in Algeria, what are we to expect from the extension of this conquest to Morocco. It is much to be feared that, however mild and tolerant, and averse to quarrel may be the English government, it cannot avoid jealousies, mistrusts, and remonstrances; and that, however the French government may be disposed to give as little cause as possible to England's mistrust and irritation, still a Morocco war must necessarily give rise to a great deal of both. Thus we are sorry to see that French policy continues, in despite of the wishes and efforts of king and minister, to take an anti-English course, one which tends to separate and set at strife the constitutional countries of the west, instead of uniting them in common and pacific resistance to the encroachments of absolutist power or absolutist ideas from the east.

It is useless, however, to preach to the French against Algeria, or scold them for their conduct there. The third of their army, the glorious and active portion of it, is in these regions, and French interests and anxiety is with these soldiers. The destruction of seven hundred of them by Abd-el-Kader has excited a cry which the government met by the despatch of regiments, and a declaration of revenge; and no French minister durst pause in the fulfilment of that promise. It is astonishing, however, what a small number of troops it is in the power of the governor of Algeria to get together, and to what straits and dangers so powerful a country, as even France, is exposed in the endeavor to keep that barren land.

However often defeated and driven from Algeria, still Abd-el-Kader has been able to raise the whole province of Oran, that most overrun by French armies. All agree in attributing great talent to Abd-el-Kader: but except obstinacy, we see little signs of this quality. Always defeated, ever causing the ruin and devastation of those whom he entices to his standard, Abd-el-Kader seems to owe his force solely to the fanaticism of the population and their hatred to the infidel. The Emir, who is also a saint, represents this idea, which alone constitutes his force. With this force he has never effected anything save surprises, nor achieved anything beyond slaughter; and if he survives, it is more by the fleetness of his escapes than the bravery of his resistance. To conquer him, in or out of Morocco, is no difficult matter; to catch him is another. We just see that General Lamoriciere, with little more than two thousand men, has just penetrated amongst the hostile tribe, where Abd-el-Kader was encamped with ten thousand, in all the pride of his recent victory. Yet Lamoriciere had driven him from the tribe, and made his small force suffice to restore French superiority.

We must own, therefore, that it would be no very great misfortune were Abd-el-Kader finally put down. He may irritate and slay, and cause his followers to be slain; but his resistance to the French forces can but extend the scale of them, and at the same time increase the jealousies and rivalries existing between the French and us.

MEXICO; CALIFORNIA; OREGON.

At the conclusion of an article on Mexico, which attempts to trace its numberless revolutions, the Foreign Quarterly Review thus sums up:—

The federal system of the United States requires for its operation, defective as that has been proved to be, an energetic, intelligent, and informed community; but in Mexico, a government justly administered, in the hands of a chief at once competent and well-intentioned, would have been blessed in the insurement of present repose, and the preparation of a happier future. But never was there a more signal exhibition of incapacity for any of the nobler purposes of statesmanship than has been witnessed in Santa Anna. Boasting himself the Napoleon of the New World,* he was foiled shamefully at San Jacinto by a force not amounting to one fourth of his own, and was reduced to beg abjectly for life from men whose dearest relatives he had butchered, and whom he had threatened with a like fate if they fell into his power. His administration satisfied not one of the national requirements, and only aggravated the embarrassments into which Mexico has been thrown by a long course of civil dissension and misrule. His fall has been complete and irretrievable,—*Zeus γὰρ μεγάλῃς γλώσσῃς κομπῶνς ὑπερχθαιρει.*

It is to be hoped that the government which has succeeded him will see the necessity of staying, by firm and vigorous measures of reform, the progress of internal disorganization, and the advancing wave of foreign aggression, which threatens to overwhelm them. Mexico has hitherto seemed unable either to govern or defend itself, and, if it escape domestic tyranny, is in peril of foreign dismemberment. Texas and Yucatan have forever separated from the confederacy, and the northern provinces have more than once within the last ten years attempted to follow their example. Armijo set up, as Kendal informs us, a separate tyranny in New Mexico, scarce yet suppressed. The incursions of the Indians in the states of Chihuahua, Durango, and Cohahuila, are becoming every year more formidable; the inhabitants are left without protection against their attacks, and the latter state has in consequence recently given notice of refusal to pay its quota of taxation to the general government. The latest accounts further inform us, that the Yankee squatters and sympathizers of California have driven out the Mexican governor and his guard, and intend to deal with that magnificent province, remote from and almost unknown to the Mexican government, as they did with Texas. Disaffection to the general government pervades all the northern and western states, and there seems an increased probability of their separation, especially if the federal system be again adopted by the congress. But if the present cabinet of Mexico be composed of men who will boldly look the difficulties of the country in the face, and set themselves to apply effectual remedies, abandoning the chimerical hope of recovering Texas, devoting themselves to the task of restoring order, purifying their vicious administration of justice, and elevating the moral condition of the people, there is yet a chance that the dismemberment of Mexico may be averted, and that the American vulture, which

waits to swoop upon its lifeless carcass, may be disappointed of its prey.

In this good work, we trust they will have the aid of the British government. It remains to be seen whether we will acquiesce in the occupation of California by the Americans, as we have in that of Texas. The views of the United States have long been directed to that beautiful and fertile territory, with its immense line of sea-coast and noble harbors, unrivalled on the whole western coast of the continent. An active minister, who had a forecast of the future, might secure it as an appendage to Oregon, our unquestionable right to which is too clear to be surrendered. The Mexicans would not be sorry to part with it to us upon fair terms. But this is a degree of energy that may be vainly expected from the nerveless hands to which the direction of our foreign relations is at present confided.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY MRS. NORTON.

We stand amid the fallen leaves,
Young children at our play,
And laugh to see the yellow things
Go rushing on their way:
Right merrily we hunt them down,
The autumn winds and we,
Nor pause to gaze where snowdrifts lie,
Or sunbeams gild the tree;
With dancing feet we leap along,
Where withered boughs are strown,
Nor past nor future checks our song,
The PRESENT is our own.

We stand among the fallen leaves
In youth's enchanted spring—
When hope—who wearies at the last—
First spreads its eagle wing:
We tread with steps of conscious strength
Beneath the leafless trees,
And the color kindles in our cheek,
As blows the winter breeze.
When gazing towards the cold grey sky,
Clouded with snow and rain,
We wish the old year all past by,
And the young spring come again.

We stand among the fallen leaves.
In manhood's haughty prime,
When first our pausing hearts begin
To love the olden time;
And as we gaze, we sigh to think
How many a year hath past,
Since 'neath those cold and faded trees,
Our footsteps wandered last—
And old companions, now, perchance,
Estranged, forgot, or dead,
Come round us, as those autumn leaves,
Are crushed beneath our tread.

We stand among the fallen leaves,
In our own autumn day,
And tottering on with feeble steps,
Pursue our cheerless way—
We look not back—too long ago,
Hath all we loved been lost.
Nor forward, for we may not live
To see our new hopes crossed:
But on we go—the sun's faint beam
A feeble warmth imparts,
Childhood without its joys returns,
The PRESENT fills our hearts.

* When taken prisoner by the Texans, and introduced to their president, Houston, his vain-glorious exclamation was: "You may esteem yourself fortunate, in having conquered the Napoleon of the New World."